

Set the Record Straight by MischiefManaged97

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Daddy Issues, Daddy Kink, Feeding Kink, Gay Sex, I'm Bad At Tagging, I'm just updating these as I write bc I have no idea where this is going, M/M, NSFW, Panic Attacks, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, stranger things

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-28

Updated: 2018-01-26

Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:30:26

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 14

Words: 35,054

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve was a little nervous about making things right with Billy after their fight. Steve just wants to apologize and relax, but Billy may have other ideas.

1. Gym Class

Getting up for school Monday morning felt weird, and wrong. I still felt jumpy, and anxious. Like there was still a shoe dangling way up high, and waiting for the perfect moment to drop. I felt my face, and it was still hot and swollen under my fingers. I thought back to that night. I had never been so scared in my life, all I had to keep me going was realizing that I was now responsible for the lives of four little nerds, and Max.

I heaved my weight off my bed and on the cold wood of the trailer. I instantly felt dizzy and grabbed at the wall for support. I leaned into it for a minute with my hand just above my eyebrow trying to chase away the start of a nasty headache. I gave my eyes a minute to adjust to the dim light coming from the crack below the blackout curtain. I had cut it too short for what looked like a very small window. I always said I'd fix it later, but never did. It gave my tiny one bedroom trailer a bit of personality, and some unwanted light when all I want to do is sleep all day.

I never told anyone where I lived. At one point, I had a reputation to uphold. I couldn't let everyone know that King Steve had been abandoned by his father a little over a year ago. In the months after my mother had left, I saw my father regress greatly. He became distant, and unresponsive. He started to let his aggression take over when I tried to make him do the simplest things, like grocery shopping. Or taking a shower. He never outright hit me, but he would start yelling and throwing shit. There was one day when he threw my mother's old ashtray across the room at me, and it managed to not only give me a concussion, but it left a pretty nasty scar that I cover with my bangs. Maybe he got tired of me, but one day, I got up and my father was gone. My things were still here, there was a large wad of cash in the back closet, and he was gone.

My parents had paid off the trailer years ago. Technically, I should be paying about \$150 monthly for the lot rent, but the owner of the trailer park said my father had paid the rent up front until I turned 18. Maybe my father cashed out, and killed himself. I had no idea, and I wasn't currently intent on figuring it out.

I took a few steps into the hall and turned into the small bathroom. I looked in the mirror, and wasn't surprised that my face was still looking gruesome. I touched the bruise that covered my left eye, and winced. Joyce had made sure that all my cuts were covered, and all the deep ones had butterfly closures over them. No one had wanted to take a trip to the hospital. Besides, my head didn't hurt once I chewed a couple Excedrin. I just needed a few more days to heal and I'd be fine. Just peachy.

I decided to skip my shower, and opt for a shower after gym class. One class I really, really wasn't looking forward to. I hadn't seen Billy since Billy had basically floored me in our fight. I had gotten some good hits in before Billy started hitting back. Billy could have killed me, I saw something in his eyes that looked murderous, but he didn't. I didn't want to fight with him again, but I also didn't want to look like a little bitch and cower away from Billy. I figured I would walk up to Billy and tell him the twisted form of the truth. I was babysitting Dustin and his friends when Max came along. She had said she was invited to play D&D, and I believed her when she said she had permission to come over. I'd tell him I already talked to his mom and explained the situation. It was my mistake, and it would never happen again. In fact, I would give him my number and tell him to call me if Max ever turned up missing again, and I would come help. I would. I just really wanted to avoid all the drama at this point. All the bullshit with the Mind Flayer was over, and I just wanted to relax for a while.

I pulled on some faded jeans, and a baggy sweatshirt with no shirt on underneath. The bruising on my ribs didn't hurt too much unless there was a shirt constricting around me. I'd been wearing loose t-shirts, and baggy sweatshirts all weekend and chewing Excedrin for that wonderful acid taste and sweet relief. I gently put my right arm across my body through one strap on my backpack and lifted it on my back as gently as I could. It hurt too much to move. I grabbed my keys out of the old ashtray my father had once thrown at me, and headed out to my car. I turned the key in the door, and got in placing my bookbag on the bench next to me. I shoved the key in the ignition, and heard it grumble back to life. I really had to fix it, but I wasn't that great at it. Fuck, Billy probably knew. Not that I'd ever ask him for help.

My radio seemed to hate me. It would fade in and out, and only seemed to pick up stations in certain spots around town. I could be stopped at a stop sign and the radio be blaring Men at Work, and if I rolled up a little to look down the road, the music would stop. The radio was working fine right now, and I quietly hummed along to a Kenny Rogers song. I went slowly in the trailer park, and tried not to wake anyone up. I waved to the old man on the corner who never seemed to sleep, or smile. He stared blankly back from his porch. I turned onto the main road, and rolled down the windows. It was cold in the mornings, but I would always turn the heat all the way up and roll down the windows. It may seem crazy, but when my hair blows off my face, and my speedometer tips just over 80 was when I felt the most alive.

Going this fast was like flying.

I made it to school in a few minutes, and grabbed my bookbag forcefully before remembering I was quite the broken man. I cursed inwardly, and dropped the bag back to the seat. I lightly put it on my shoulder and stood up. I went to turn around and almost had a heart attack.

“Dustin?” I asked, wondering how Dustin found me so quickly.

“Hey, I was walking in the door,” Dustin said hooking his thumbs under his bag’s straps, “but then I saw you pull in, and I figured I would keep you company.”

“Is that so?” I asked, locking my car. Dustin was my favorite of all of Mike’s friends. He reminded me of my younger self.

“Yeah, and also, I thought I could help you keep a look out for Billy, ya know? In case he tries to finish what he started.” Dustin fell into step next to me, still talking. “I don’t know, part of me feels like you could totally take him, but the other part of me just remembers how easily he pinned you and I—”

“Okay I get it, I suck at fighting.” I said, laughing. I opened the door for him, and figured I’d walk him to Mike’s locker where they usually meet in the morning. I didn’t want him to be late, and I really didn’t want Billy hearing him talk about how “easily he had pinned me”

because it wasn't that easy. Even though I one hundred percent believe Billy could pin me again at the drop of a hat.

I was kind of jumpy walking around, because Billy wasn't in any of my classes until third period. I didn't want him thinking I was talking about him behind his back or anything. I didn't need to provoke him before I could set the record straight.

"Anyway, we all decided since everything is over, we would like to formally invite you to join our D&D group. Everyone voted, and you were a shoe in." He said, kicking a pencil down the hallway, "I know you don't know how to play, but we can teach you how. We're teaching Max too." Dustin said, his hands going wild as he told me how they voted, and how he had given a speech on my behalf.

"I'll think about it kid," I said as we walked up to Max and Lucas, "I just got to make sure its okay with Mrs. Wheeler, and make sure my work and basketball schedules will allow it." I ruffled his hair, and looked at the rest of them, "See you guys later? Let me know if anyone needs a ride home."

They all called out their goodbyes, and I walked up the steps to my first period English class. The first bell rang, and we all made it to our seats. The class was boring. No one really needs to read a million poems by Emily Dickinson to prove that they could understand the English language. I slept through my math class because I've gotten pretty good at teaching myself math. The bell rang to release us from second period, and I jumped a little and groaned. That was a bad idea.

I grabbed my bag, and headed for the gym. The first person I saw when I walked in was the coach, and he took one look at me and pointed to the bleachers.

The coach walked toward me, checking people off his clipboard, "What the hell happened to you?" He asked.

"I was mugged." I said, not knowing how else to explain the bruising.

"Your sure it has nothing to do with Hargrove over there?" He said pointing to Billy who happened to be walking out of the locker room

with a slight limp. I didn't remember him hurting an ankle.

"No sir, I was mugged coming out of the Seven-Eleven." I said without skipping a beat. The couch tutted.

"Funny," He said looking me in the eyes, "That's what Hargrove said."

I was ready to defend myself, but the coach walked off and started having everyone line up. I got up and decided to go sit by Billy. Billy was leaning back against the benches behind him. His hands were in his pockets. He looked like hell. I knew by looking at the bruising that I hadn't done that much damage. There were some bruises that still looked fresh. I decided not to mention it.

I sat down trying not to shake the bench too much. I didn't want to startle Billy.

"Hey." I said. Billy didn't open his eyes.

"Do you have a death wish, Harrington?" He said, barely moving.

"I guess it would seem so." I said, "But I actually came to apologize. I should have told you Max was in the house."

"Damn straight." He said, voice barely above a whisper.

"It's just... I babysit Dustin, the kid with the curly hair, and they all wanted to play D&D. Max was part of the game, and if she left the game was over. Try having five 8th graders beg you not to ruin game night." I said. I wasn't sure, but it looked like Billy may have smiled, "I swear I wouldn't have let her in if I hadn't known she didn't have permission to be there."

"Max can be a bitch sometimes." He said, "I understand that." He cracked my eye open. "We're cool. I've seen you with those kids. I know you don't mean them any harm."

They sat in silence for a minute.

"Now on the other hand, I heard you let Max drive my car." He said turning my head to look at me, "And that's just not cool on so many

levels.”

“Honesty, I had passed out after we got in a fight. They panicked and tried to take me to a hospital.” I told him, trying not to look frazzled. I hadn’t thought about the car being damaged, “You knocked my head pretty good. I still get dizzy spells if I sit up too fast.” I tried to explain, “But I get it, she shouldn’t have driven your car on my watch. I’ll pay for the damage.” Billy laughed, then looked at me.

“I’m not gonna need money to fix her. I got the money.” He said leaning on his left elbow to get closer to me, “Now, an extra pair of hands. That’s what I need. You got small hands compared to mine.” He said, tapping my right hand, “You really want to make it up to me? Help me fix her.”

I thought about it. The thought of being alone with Billy terrified me. I had no doubt that Billy could kill me if he got angry. Part of me wanted to, part of me wanted to figure out what made Billy tick so easily.

“What do you say?” Billy said, throwing a mint in his mouth and swirling it around his tongue before cracking down on it and smiling his toothy smile, “Come on, Princess. You know you want to.”

I sputtered at the nickname I had somehow acquired, “I guess.” I faintly agreed.

“What was that?” Billy asked leaning a little closer. I could smell his cologne, and it smelled so good. I almost wanted to lean in, and sniff him. My heart was pounding, “I said yes.” I replied a little louder. What was that cologne? I needed it in my life.

“Good.” Billy said, leaning back to his original place on the bleachers, “We start tonight.”

2. Let Me Help

There was silence between us for a minute. Billy seemed to be smug with himself, and I couldn't figure out why. Honestly, I thought Billy would have rejected my apology and chased me off his side of the bleachers. But there he was. Sitting with a faint smile on his face, content with being so close to me.

"Are you just going to stare?" Billy asked after a while.

I looked away, "I'm not staring."

"Yes you were." He said, looking at me, "It's okay to stare sweetheart. I don't mind." My mouth fell open when he called me sweetheart, searching for something to say that would make a lick of sense. Who does he think he is, calling me sweetheart? What is this? I felt the beginning of a blush under all my bruises, and looked away in a huff.

"So where should I meet you tonight?" I asked him, leaning back on the benches with him.

"Well, I don't want you around my folks, so that rules out my place." He said, taking his hands out of his pockets and folding them over his toned stomach. His green shirt had an unnecessary number of buttons undone—as usual, "My dad can be a real bitch sometimes, and I don't wish that on anyone. So where do you live?"

The question circulated in the air for a moment. I never told anyone where I lived, and this was Billy for God's Sake. Why would I tell him where I lived? So he could come by, and—"I mean, don't get your panties in a twist. If you don't want to tell me, don't tell me." He said, his blue eyes sparkling. Why was I noticing his eyes? Oh God, look away.

"It's not that," I say, nervously chewing on my already busted lip, "I'm just..." I say, looking for the right word.

"Scared?" Billy says softly, soft enough that I look over at him. He almost looks hurt.

“Embarrassed.” I say, looking away. I didn’t want anyone to see where I lived, or what my life resorted to once I left the brick walls of the high school.

“Embarrassed?” He asked, “I know I just beat the living shit out of you like three days ago, so scared I could understand, but why in the hell would you be embarrassed for me to see your house?”

“I live in a pretty shitty trailer park,” I end up saying, “I don’t even have a house. Its this small ass trailer with a tiny kitchen, a living area, bathroom and one microscopic bedroom.” Why did I tell him that? My plan to tell him nothing was going well. Now he can probably trace where I live, or something. Maybe he’ll follow me home.

“You and your family live in a one room trailer?” He asked, shifting up to be on his side, while I kept my eyes glued to the ceiling.

“Nah,” I said, “My mom left a while ago, my dad disappeared a little over a year ago. He left me some money, paid a few years rent and split.” I told him. My voice sounded so emotionless.

We sat in silence again for a few minutes, before he moved a little closer to me. I felt instantly uncomfortable, like my fight or flight reflexes were about to kick in. And fuck, I’d flee this time around. I’m not fighting him again.

“You know, my dad is a pretty stand up guy. He wears the suits, and ties. He goes to office parties, tells the jokes, and pours the champagne.” Billy started to say very quietly so only I could hear, “He married Max’s mom a few years back, and he was so nice, and charming. He still is, to this day. I learned a lot of my charm from him.” I nodded as best I could with my head up against a wooden bench.

“But what no one could see was how he would treat those who were inferior to him. How he treats people he hates. How he likes to make them suffer.” Billy said, almost at a whisper. I turned to look at him, and ended up meeting his eyes, “He has never laid a hand on Max, but he’ll come up with ways to make me regret life so easily.” I wasn’t sure what to say, or if I should interrupt him. I got the feeling he never told anyone this before, so I nodded, and kept listening.

“When I came home the other night, beat up and without Max, he was calm around my stepmother. He reassured her that we would go out and find her together.” He said, taking his hands out of his pockets and twisting them nervously, “But as soon as she went to bed, he brought me outback.” He said, shifting a little, “He took the baseball bat. Just a plain, wooden baseball bat. I disappointed him, you see, I embarrassed him in front of Susan. I couldn’t find Max.” I didn’t want to hear the rest of this story, but I knew I couldn’t bail out now. This had partially been my fault. “Well, to make a long story short, he hit my right knee first, that was for disappointing him. He hit my left knee next, and that was for coming home without Max.” He laughed a little, but I had a feeling it was to keep him from crying, “You shoulda heard it. Like you just knocked two balls outta the park. I heard the cracks echo across the yard. He swings like a champ.”

I didn’t know what to say, so I moved a bit closer to show I was still listening, “They weren’t broken, just out of socket. Do you know I can pop almost every major joint back into its socket? I could be a field doctor in the army or something. Maybe I should be. Who knows.” He said, and I smiled at the thought. Joining the army would get him away from his dad, “But the bottom line is, I know what its like to be embarrassed, or wanting to hide your home life. I get that.” He said, pausing for a minute, “I didn’t tell you all of this to make you feel bad for me. I told you, because I’m sorry too. Somewhere along the lines of running from my father, I became him.” He let out a shaky breath, and turned to me again, “And I took that anger out on you. And I’m sorry. This is out of character for me. I never apologize. I just—I don’t want to end up like him, you know?”

I sat in silence for a minute, Billy feeling so close to me I could feel the heat radiating off him. I sat up, and turned around, “You don’t deserve that.” I said, trying to come up with some way to make it better, but failing.

“Maybe not before, but I do now.” He said, not meeting my eye, “I’m just like him.”

“You got in one fight,” I said, “One totally justifiable fight.”

“One fight with you,” He said looking at me, “You aren’t my first,

Princess.” My heart jumped at the use of the nickname again.

“Well... one fight with me then. You can stop fighting.” I told him, “You can start fighting against your dad.”

“Fighting him does no good,” He said meekly, “It just makes things worse for me.”

“I meant legally, Bill.” He raised his eyebrows, and scoffed at me.

“Don’t call me Bill,” He said.

“You can call me Princess, and Sweetheart, but I can’t call you Bill?”

Billy groaned, almost like a rough moan, “You can call me Billy,” He said smirking, “Or you can call me daddy. Whatever works for you.” He playfully bit the air. I didn’t know if he was kidding, so I forced a laugh. I feel like he hides his true feelings with his rampant sexuality. It would make sense, I guess.

“I think I’ll stick with Billy.” I said, and he looked at me.

“We’ll get there soon enough.” He said. I brushed it off, and looked up to see all the kids in our gym class had already went to the locker rooms. I still wanted to take a shower.

“I skipped a shower this morning, so I’m gonna shower after they’re all done.” I told him.

Billy grinned, “You read my mind, Harrington. I skipped a shower too.” I found that a little hard to believe because Billy literally smelled like a sex god—wait, what? I didn’t think that. That’s not what I meant. He just smells nice, right? Anyone could tell. We stayed put until all the kids started to trickle out of the locker room, one by one. The bell for lunch had rung, and no one wanted to cut their lunches short. As it turns out, I wasn’t that hungry. I felt sick every time I tried to eat this weekend.

I got up, and started to walk towards the locker room, and Billy followed close behind. I held the door open for him, and walked over to my locker, and opened it. I tried to lift my sweatshirt over my head, but had a searing pain in my ribs, and fell back slightly.

“Easy now,” Billy said catching me before I hit the ground, and helping me on the bench. “You gotta take it slow. I probably bruised, or cracked a few ribs. Here,” He said grabbing the bottom of my sweatshirt, “I’ll pull it off for you, okay?”

I nodded, I was in too much pain to care what he did. He could probably kiss me and I wouldn’t—stop. Not again. I felt his fingers lightly brush along my stomach as he gripped the fabric in his hands, and pulled. He sucked in a breath once he had the sweatshirt off and I looked down at my bruised and broken body. I looked back at Billy, who put my sweatshirt on the bench next to me. He lifted a hand to trace the bruising across my ribs, and sternum. I felt goosebumps pop up everywhere as he lightly traced his fingers across my chest, almost catching a nipple.

“I’m so sorry,” He breathed, leaning closer to my chest, “I’m a monster.”

“No,” I responded almost immediately, “You’re not. You’ve been abused. It’s not your fault.” I don’t think Billy expected me to say that. He looked up at me, and got up. He turned away and started to undress himself. I turned back to my locker and stood up, I unbuttoned my jeans and slid them down easily. I kept a pair of swimming trunks in my locker for showering, it was a school rule.

Once I was completely changed, I headed into the last shower down the hall, and turned on the hot water. I let it fall through my hair, and drip down my skin. The heat, and gentle pressure felt good on my body. I heard splashing, and looked up. Billy followed me into the same shower, even though we have like 10 showers that host at least 5 guys, and no one else is in here. I closed my eyes and stuck my face under the water.

I reached out, trying to get some soap without opening my eyes when I felt Billy’s hand grab me and put my hand back down. “You’re going to hurt yourself,” He said, I opened my eyes under the shower, and looked at him. He squeezed two pumps of soap into his hand, “No hands above the rib cage, or it’ll hurt. That’s the rule.” He said, hesitating for a split second, “Let me help.”

3. The Locker Room

“Aren’t you hurt too?” Was all I could think to say. I felt him stand behind me, and start to rub the soap into my hair. I had never had another guy wash my hair for me, but I have to say, the feeling wasn’t that foreign. It’s not like I had never had experiences with guys before. Granted, most of these experiences involved a girl as well, but the fact that another guy was participating never bothered me. I was down with it.

“I’m hurt, but you don’t pack as hard of a punch. It’s really just my knees that still hurt.” He said, and I was slightly offended. I thought I had put up a good fight.

“Hey, I think I handled my own pretty well.” I said as he scratched my scalp, and I almost moaned. My god, I needed to pull myself together. If I moaned, Billy would freak out. No one needed that.

“You did, for like the first five minutes. I’ll give you that,” He said, whispering almost directly in my ear. I shivered despite the hot water, “But I easily overpowered you. We both know it.” He began scrubbing my roots more roughly, and I started to lean into him without realizing. I stayed there for a moment, not questioning it. I liked having someone behind me I could lean on, especially since I’ve been so dizzy lately. Is it bad that the one I wanted to lean on was also the one who made me dizzy in the first place?

“You know,” He started, “As much as I love having a wet Steve Harrington pressed up against me, you’re getting soap in my mouth.” He said, placing his hand on my hip and guiding me forward a little. I swear I felt something while I was leaning on him though, something he probably didn’t want me to feel. He spun me around and stuck me under the water, and I felt the soap run down my body with the water. Billy stepped in closer, and ran his fingers through my hair to get rid of the excess soap.

I couldn’t help it any longer. My body was responding to Billy and his antics. I was slightly hard, and I didn’t want Billy to know.

“Do you condition?” He asked me, and I almost laughed.

"You don't get hair like this without conditioner," I said stepping out from under the water, and coming chest to chest with Billy, "I thought you of all people would know that." Billy leaned in, and grabbed two pumps of the conditioner that was directly behind me. He was so close, and he just kept getting closer. I was ready for him to kiss me, I really was. I don't know why, but I wanted him to. This was so fucked up.

"I don't use conditioner," He said, his breath ghosting across my face, "My hair is all natural."

"Are you calling me fake?" I asked him, laughing. He smiled, and brought his hands back up to my hair, and ran the conditioner through it in lines.

"Do you let it sit for a while?" He asked, and I nodded. And just like that, he removed himself from my proximity and went to stand under his own shower. I hate myself, because I wished he hadn't left. He put some soap in his hand, and scrubbed his head roughly. When he put his hands down and stood under the shower, I couldn't tear my eyes away. He let his head drop back, and god it was a sight. I couldn't help myself as my eyes traced down his body. He was right, I really hadn't had that much of an effect on him. The bruises I inflicted was barely there. I felt momentarily jealous that his abs were so much better than mine, but all that did was make me harder. Shit, this guy was hot. I made my way down his body until I saw his knees. There were deep, black and blue bruises on the outside of each knee. I could see where his father drove the bat into Billy's legs. His kneecaps were swollen so badly, I wasn't sure how he was still standing. I felt a pang of anger in my chest. His father was a dick.

"You can wash it out, Princess." He said without opening his eyes, "Just don't raise your arms. Let the water do its work." I obeyed him without thinking twice, probably not a good habit to pick up. Is it bad that I just internalized the fact that he called me princess again? It didn't faze me for a second. I stood under the water, and closed my eyes. How long had we been in here? The half-way bell hadn't rung yet, it couldn't have been longer than 20 minutes.

I felt Billy step closer to me, and he ran his fingers through my hair, getting the excess out again. I felt a wave of appreciation wash over

me. Why was he helping me again? When all the conditioner was out of my hair, he leaned behind me and shut off the faucet. He was so close, and I felt like there was no air to breathe. He leaned in closer to me, and I instinctively moved in closer as well.

“I’m going to kiss you,” he whispered. I stood so still, and waited. I didn’t want to make the first move. This is not how I saw today going. I think Billy will just fuck anything that moves, because he’s been so starved of love—and then he kissed me. And goddamn, I was not expecting my reaction to be a fucking moan. He put his hands on my hips, and turned us around. I groaned when I hit the wall, because it kind of hurt, and that gave Billy access to slip his tongue inside my mouth, and he held nothing back. I feel like Billy could definitely drive me insane with just his tongue. Billy pushed his thigh against me, and I started to grind on him without thinking. I grabbed at his hair, and he groaned. He pulled away, and started to kiss down my jaw. He got to my neck, and started to suck harshly. I let out a sharp gasp, and Billy smirked. He shoved his tongue in my mouth again, and tugged on my hair. That riled me up surprisingly quick. When he pulled my hair back even more to get at my neck again, I started to get dizzy and pulled away, resting my head on his shoulder.

“You okay?” He asked, sounding a little scared, “I can stop. We can forget this ever happened—”

I cut him off, “No, no. It’s not that. The kiss,” I said smiling to myself, “was good. I just got dizzy. I think I need to sit down.”

“Oh, okay,” Billy said, giving me a minute to collect myself. He ran his fingers up my sides, and back down, “Do you feel any better?” He asked hopefully after a minute. I could feel how hard he was against my leg.

“Not really,” I said. My head was still swimming. I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t hard too, but I felt sick. I didn’t want to throw up after kissing him. That wouldn’t be a confidence booster.

“Let’s skip out then,” He said, moving away from me, and I had to grab at the wall for support, “You look like hell.”

"And go where?" I asked feeling childish. I reached out for him, and he grabbed my arm.

"I don't know," Billy said, leading me out of the showers, "We could go back to your place. I really don't want to see my dad, and you don't look like you should be alone right now."

"Okay." I agreed easily. He put his hand under my elbow and led me back to my locker. He helped me put my sweatshirt back on, and left me to put on my pants while he got dressed. His hair was still wet, but already curling up in a way that made me jealous. My hair couldn't do that on its own, I had to tame it.

I finished sliding on my jeans, and I felt him press up behind me lightly push me against the lockers, "Those jeans look good on you," He whispered.

"Like you can see them through my sweatshirt," I scoffed.

"I saw you putting them on," He said, "And shit, you looked good." He leaned in more so I was pressed up against the locker, and pressed a kiss to my neck, "I bet you'd look even better taking them off for me, huh?" He said, and I almost choked. I so was not used to this. Is this how girls felt all the time? No, because I was a guy. But still, it was exhilarating. I let out a little moan.

"Maybe," I said pressing against him to back him up. He let out a small groan, and held my hips there for a second before letting me turn around.

"You killed me since the first moment I saw you, sweetheart." He said, grabbing my keys from my locker behind me and shutting it. He grabbed my bag and began to walk away.

"Hey, those are mine!" I said, trying to fall in step with him.

"You said you were dizzy," he said holding the door for the locker room open for me, "There's no way in hell I'm letting you drive."

"What about your car?" I asked, a little puzzled. He turned to look at me.

"She's out of commission right now, remember?" He said, twirling my keys around. Our entire conversation came rushing back to me.

"Oh, yeah." I said, following him through the halls. We walked down the steps, and I asked him to take a detour with me. I led him to Dustin's locker, and started to write a note that said: Felt sick, went home. Radio if anyone needs help/rides.

"Radio?" Billy said, while leaning on the locker next to me. His arms were crossed which made his muscles look huge. Probably because they were. Fuck me.

I looked at him, "Yeah, I live within the frequency of the school. Dustin gave me a radio to keep in touch, in case they need anything."

"I can't tell if you're overprotective, or they're just obsessed with having King Steve as their babysitter." He said as I slipped the note in Dustin's locker.

"Maybe it's both," I said, and Billy led the way out of the school. I let him carry my bookbag, because it was killing my ribs and he never brought one to school anyway. When we got to my car, he unlocked it and got in. He put the keys in the ignition, and listened to it roll over. He grimaced.

"Steve," He said, looking behind him to pull out of the parking spot, "Your car sounds worse than mine, and a 14-year-old took it for a joy ride."

"Well maybe we'll have to fix my car too." I said.

He turned towards the main road, "Right or left?"

"Right." I said, and he pulled out. He turned up the radio, and I sent up a silent prayer that it was working right now.

"I'll take a look at her." Steve said, and put on some speed, "Why the hell do you have the heat all the way up?"

I laughed a little, and shook my head, "Wouldn't you like to know?"

4. The Trailer

I was antsy the entire ride over to my house. Billy was turned on, and wanted to be alone with me. I lived in the very back of a shady trailer park, and he had the keys to my trailer and my car. If I had been thinking straight, I probably would have thought this was a recipe for disaster, but I was turned on too. I watched him as he drove, almost forgetting to give him directions. He turned and looked at me, and said something but I completely missed it.

“Huh?” I said, watching him light up a cigarette and take a long drag. His hair was completely dry now, and it bounced back in the wind. I felt the urge to run my hands through it. As soon as we got home I swear—

“I need to know where to turn,” He said, offering the cigarette to me. I waved it away.

“Oh, right,” I said, slightly embarrassed by my thoughts, “Its on the right a few minutes down the road. You’ll see a wheel sticking out of the ground at one house, then its three more houses down. There’s a little white shed at the front of the park.” He nodded, and kept his eyes on the road. My eyes traveled down his body, just appreciating what was in front of me. I saw the outline in his jeans, and shifted in my seat a little. He was huge.

“Like what you see?” He said, looking at me quickly and smirking. I looked away quickly, and flushed for what seemed like the hundredth time today. Get your shit together Steve, damn.

“I, uh, Yeah, well I was just—” I stuttered, trying to form a sentence.

“I said it once, and I’ll say it again,” He said, shifting his legs so they were spread wider apart, and placed his hand over his dick. I watched as he slowly began to rub himself through the fabric of his jeans, and I was so turned on. I just wanted to sit on his lap, just fuck me. “Stare all you want, Princess. It doesn’t bother me.”

I didn’t know what to say, or what to do. I just watched him rub himself, and became painfully hard in my jeans. I looked up at the

road, and realized we were almost at the park.

“Turn there,” I said, pointing towards the white shed. He took his hand off his lap, and turned into the park slowly. The first couple of trailers were a mess on the outside. The second trailer had what looked like a whole tree just chopped down in front of their porch. I directed him towards the back, and shivered as we passed trailer 6. It had multiple suspicious deaths connected to it. People in the park referred to it as the Suicide Trailer. I knew it was just a legend, but I swear I saw someone walking around in there once. No one has lived there since the original murders though, which only made me a little more scared of it. After everything I’d been through with the upside down, I had no reason to believe ghosts didn’t exist. I also had no reason to go seeking them out, so I’ve kept my distance.

I told him to park in front of trailer 28, and I opened my car door. He turned the car off, and grabbed my bag and followed me up the steps.

“It’s probably not the cleanest, so don’t judge me,” I said after he handed me the keys. He put one hand on the door frame and the other on his hip, and leaned over me.

“I would never do that,” He said in my ear. I almost dropped my keys. I got the door open, and it shed some light inside. I had a long brown couch across from the door, a TV on stand that was also my bookshelf. He considered the modest kitchen, and looked down the hallway at my room.

“Well this is it.” I said nervously. He looked around for a minute longer.

“I don’t know why you’d be embarrassed.” He said, hooking his thumbs in his belt, “This looks like a pretty good place to me.”

I smiled, and he leaned in to kiss me. I immediately opened my mouth this time, and let him in. I didn’t even try to fight for dominance because I knew I’d lose. I also partially liked not having to be the masculine one for a change. It was a nice change of pace. He put his hands on my hips and pulled me forward, and I felt his length against me again. He pulled away, and started kissing my neck, and leaving little love bites. I let out an obnoxiously loud moan when he bit down particularly hard, and he stopped moving.

"Sorry," I whispered into his shoulder, not wanting to look up. I didn't want him to think I was weird, or too into it already.

"God, baby, don't apologize," He said taking a deep breath to center himself, "That was hot."

I paused to consider the nickname. I liked being called baby. It wasn't in the teasing tone he called me princess or sweetheart, it sounded real. I liked it.

He pulled away from me, and went down the hall to the bathroom. I was confused.

"Where do you keep the Excedrin?" He called out.

"Push on the mirror, it'll pop open. Its in there." I heard him tip the bottle over, and he came back down the hallway. I held my hand out, but he walked right past me again into the kitchen. He opened the fridge, and grabbed one of the beers I got from Tony, and a water. He walked back to me, and handed me the water and the Excedrin. He then opened the beer on the side of my counter, and took a swig.

"I usually just chew the Excedrin." I said, looking at the water. He looked at me funny.

"That has got to be bad for you," He said, bringing the beer back to his lips, "Or at the very least, its got to taste bad."

"You get used to it. If you chew it, it works faster." He pushed the water towards me.

"You're swallowing when I'm around." He said. I knew he didn't mean it in a sexual way, but I couldn't help the blush that crept on my face. He walked to the couch to sit down. I put the pills in my mouth, and swallowed them down. Then I drank some more, because I couldn't remember the last time I had drank anything that wasn't carbonated. I felt the couch dip beside me, and I slid a little closer to Billy since the couch was leather.

"That should take about 20 minutes to kick in," He told me between sips of beer, "But I also think you should take a nap." I thought about it, but instead I decided to be a little bold. I put my leg over his, and

sat on his lap.

“I wanted to talk about some things” I said, shifting forward until I could feel his dick under me, and I push my ass down. He cocked his eyebrow at me, and slowly took another sip of his beer.

“And what are they, sweetheart?” He said, licking his lips suggestively. He bucked his hips up into me, and I grabbed on to his biceps.

“I’m not gay.” I said, even though everything inside of me just wanted to laugh. If you’re not gay, you’re at least a little bi, or you wouldn’t be thinking about sucking his dick.

“Neither am I,” He said, leaning forward to kiss my neck, I leaned in and tilted my head to give him access, “I’m just attracted to beautiful people.” He said between hot, open mouth kisses. I felt his hands make their way to my hips.

“I’m not ready to have sex yet.” I stated matter-of-factly, “And I don’t even know how guys would have sex. You’re the first guy I’ve ever kissed.” He gripped my hips a little harder—possessively? Not sure, but I liked it.

“Oh, sweetheart. I’ll show you how when you’re ready.” He said, paying attention to the other side of my neck, “It’s hot though.” He told me, and groaned as I pushed myself down on him again. I quickly found myself grinding on him rhythmically, “That you’re a virgin.”

I gasped as he licked a long stripe up my neck, then blew on it, “I’m not a virgin,” I protested.

“Honey, that’s where you’re wrong.” He said, meeting my movements with little thrusts off the couch, “You’re a virgin if you’re with me.” He said. I cried out when he grabbed me under my knees, and picked me up. I held on around his neck.

“Permission to take this to the bedroom?” He said, leaning in for a kiss. I moaned into his mouth, and nodded. He walked down the short hall, and went through the doorway into my bedroom and

dropped me on the bed. I hissed a little, but decided it was worth a little pain. I sat up a little, leaning on my elbows. He turned, as if to close the door only to remember we were alone. He smirked and turned back to me.

“So where were we?” He said, walking over to the foot of the bed. My legs were dangling over the side, and he went to kneel in between my legs before I protested.

“No!” I said, sitting up and pulling him back up. He straightened up a little stiffly, and looked scared.

“Too soon?” He asked, putting his large hand on my cheek. His thumb stroked across my cheek bone.

“No, its not that.” I said, pulling him in for another kiss, “I don’t want you to hurt your knees.” I told him, and he looked shocked. “I can take care of you, first.” I told him. He looked at me like I had two heads, but allowed himself to be pulled to the bed. I laid him down under me, and I kissed him. He groaned into my mouth when my hand found his clothed dick. I rubbed my hand over him, and tried to imagine fitting all of him in my mouth. He broke the kiss, and kissed my nose.

“I don’t deserve this, you know.” He told me as I sat up to unbutton his jeans.

“You deserve all the good things in life, and then some.” I told him. I had his zipper down, and he lifted his hips to help me get his jeans off. He wore his jeans really tight.

I looked at him after I had his jeans off. I leaned up to unbutton the rest of his shirt, and ran my hand down his torso, and over his hips and avoided the one area he wanted me to touch.

“You’re beautiful.” I whispered. He really was. I looked down his legs, at his knees and felt another pang of regret, and anger. I shouldn’t have kept Max from him. I made my way down to his knees, and kissed the bruises on the outside of each knee, and then the tip of his kneecap. He leaned up on his elbows to watch me, and he looked a little misty eyed.

"I'm not." He said, "I'm broken." I made my way up to sit on his lap again, and leaned down and bite his ear.

"We're all a little broken," I told him, "But you're beautiful to me." He sucked in a breath. I could tell he wasn't used to getting compliments, or any form of affection. He didn't know how to handle it. I got off the bed, and took off my pants, but left the sweatshirt on. I didn't want him to see my bruises and get upset again. He watched me undress, and when I stepped closer to the bed, he ran a hand up the back of my leg to cup my ass.

"Woah, there." I said taking his hand in mine, and getting back on the bed. I scoot down the bed until I was looking at his underwear. I looked back up at him, "Can I?" I asked.

"Fuck, yes please." He said, looking like he was already panting. I slid his briefs down his body, and his aching member popped straight up. I slid his briefs gently over his knees. I tossed them on the floor. Billy was watching me with big eyes, as I made my way back up to his dick. I wasted no time in taking him in my hands, and started to slowly stroke him. He leaned his head back and let out a small moan.

"Fuck," He groaned, as I picked up the speed a little. I leaned over to my night stand, and got a squirt of lotion in my hand, and continued to stroke him a bit faster. I flicked my wrist each time I reached the top to make sure I stimulated the tip of his dick as much as I could. Billy was really panting now, I watched his chest heave, and his abs tense with each stroke I made. I leaned down, and took his head in my mouth, and man did that affect him. His head fell back, and started cursing. He grabbed my hair, and tried to guide my head down further. I pulled off, and he groaned.

"Are you trying to kill me?" He asked, throwing an arm over his eyes.

"I'm just gonna wipe the lotion off," I said laughing, "I don't want that shit in my mouth."

"Fuuck," he groaned. I used one of my blankets to wipe off the lotion, and leaned back down to take him in my mouth again. I shallowly began to bob my head, and try to ease his length into my mouth. I knew I wasn't that good at this, but listening to the noises coming out

of Billy's mouth made me feel a little better. I pulled off him, and he groaned in protest but it was soon replaced with a soft gasp as I placed kitten licks on the underside of his dick, and down on his balls. I looked up at him, and we made eye contact as I slowly took him back into my mouth. His hands found their way to my hair, and he pulled.

I moaned around him and he just about lost it, "Shit, god, baby I'm not gonna last—" he starts saying, I try to sink down more on him, still bobbing my head slightly each time and I almost gagged as he hit the back of my throat. I adjusted myself, and pushed him just a little farther down my throat until I feel his hair on my nose. He's panting hard, and roughly dragging his fingers through my hair. I moan again, and his dick twitched.

"I'm—I'm gonna" He barely gets out before he abruptly yanks me off him by my hair, and the sudden burst of pain triggered my release. I grind down into the mattress and softly moan as Billy cums partially in my mouth, but mostly on my face. I look at him, and swallow what's in my mouth even though it tastes so bitter I just want to spit it out. When Billy groaned I knew I had made the right decision. I started gathering his cum on my fingers and sucking it off. Billy looks like he could go again any minute now.

He sat up, and brought me closer to him. I sat on him again, and he used the bottom of the blanket to wipe off the remaining cum, and then he kissed me.

"That was incredible, princess." He told me. I smiled, and flushed a little, "Are you sure that was your first time?" He laughed, and I playfully shoved his shoulder. I got off him, and went to lay down next to him when he tried to turn me on my back again.

"I should take care of you," He said, looking uncertain of himself, "Right?"

I turned away from him, and pushed my body against his. I think I was going to be a fan of being the little spoon. It was different, but in a good way. I grabbed his arm and pulled it across my chest, "I came already." I told him, leading his hand down to feel me. I was still sensitive, and groaned when he cupped me.

“You came untouched?” He asked, and I nodded. I didn’t want to see him smirk, but instead I felt as he put his forehead against the back of my head and shuddered out a breath.

“Fuck, baby.” I smiled to myself, and fell asleep with his arms around me.

5. I Believe You

I can't speak for Billy, but this was the best nap I had ever had. I can't remember the last time I fell asleep with someone's strong arms holding me tightly against them. That's a lie: I can. I've never fallen asleep with a man before, but god did I like it. I woke up before Billy, and felt his breath ghost over my neck, and it felt so nice to be close to someone again.

I shifted a little in Billy's arms, and he wrapped his arm around me tighter. It made my heart swell for a moment. Even though it's only been a day, I feel comfortable. If anyone would have told me I would have a naked Billy Hargrove spooning me, and I would feel completely at peace, I would have laughed in their face. I'm still highly aware that he has a temper, but I think I can figure out how to calm him down eventually. Billy only struggles because of his father. It made me shake with rage just knowing the way he treats him. Then it makes me wonder, how long until his dad hurts him again? Hell, I'd let him live with me before I let his father hurt him.

My heart goes out to Billy. It really does. Billy thought he was a monster who picks fights, and tries to hurt people like his father. Even Steve realized it was self-preservation that made Billy do what he did. I heard a mumble coming from behind me, and I tried to turn around in Billy's grasp.

"No..." I heard him say as I was turning around, "It's not—not what, please..." I felt his arm loosen around me, and he jumped. "I didn't know, it's not the time—" I stared at Billy's face, thinking he must be having a nightmare. I reached out and pushed a strand of his curls back behind his ear, and ran my hand down his arm.

"Wake up," I said, shaking his shoulder slightly. I didn't want to scare him. He seemed scared enough. He jumped awake quickly, and scared me as well. He must be a light sleeper. His eyes were wide, and they darted around the room for a minute before he caught my eyes, and relaxed a little. I put my head on his chest, and listened to his pounding heartbeat.

"Bad dream?" I asked, my head lightly rising with each breath.

“Something like that,” Billy answered running his fingers through my hair. I closed my eyes as he continued to trace patterns on my scalp. It was soothing. I lifted my head to place a chaste kiss on his lips. “We should get up,” I told him, not actually wanting to get up.

“Or,” He said, lightly tugging on my hair, “We can stay in bed. I’d love to make you scream my name.” I let out the smallest whine when he tugged on my hair, and put my head back on his chest.

“As wonderful as that sounds, I actually do want to learn about fixing cars.” I told him. That’s a lie, I didn’t want to leave, but I knew if we stayed I might end up doing something I regret, or I’m not ready for. Billy huffed, and started to get up.

“As you wish, princess.” He said, sitting up on the edge of the bed, and grabbing his jeans. He started to pull them on, but when he got to his knees he stopped.

“Do you want a pair of sweatpants?” I asked him, knowing how much it hurts to wear tight clothing on bruised areas.

“Do you mind?” He asked, turning around to meet my eye.

“Of course not,” I said, getting up, “You have more muscular legs than I do, but the length should be fine. I have a 2x somewhere.” I said getting out of bed. My hoodie just covered my ass as I stood up, and started opening my drawers. I bent over to open the bottom left drawer, and the hoodie rode up a little.

“Nice view,” Billy said from behind me. I blushed and stood up straight. I checked my closet, and the sweats were on the shoe rack.

“Here,” I said, tossing him the sweatpants. He grabbed them, and slowly tugged them past his knees, and secured the waistband by tying the strings. The sweatpants were really snug on him, and he looked good with just them on. His necklace hung evenly on the middle of his chest, and his abs traced down to a V shape. His hair fell over his shoulders. It wasn’t fair, he could look like a Greek god without trying.

“Do you always stare?” He asked, walking towards me, and giving me

a peck on the cheek. I was having a hard time believing I was lusting over Billy Hargrove. First, because he's a guy. Second, because he's Billy. Billy who almost killed me. Billy who everyone seems to hate. Billy who has apologized a million times. Billy who wanted to take care of me first. Billy who just wants to find some love in the world. Billy.

Billy walked out of the bedroom and down the hall. It was a very small trailer, so I could hear him while he was in the bathroom. He walked into the kitchen, and I heard the fridge open. I reached down to pull on my own pair of sweatpants, and changed into a large t-shirt. The sweatshirt was sweaty, and I'm pretty sure it had cum stains on it now. I walked out of the bedroom, and used the bathroom as well. After I washed my hands, I rinsed my face off with some water, and walked out into the hall. Billy was in the living room, still shirtless, holding out some Excedrin and a water bottle. I took them from him, and smiled. I leaned in and tried to kiss him on the cheek again, but he moved. He caught my lips with his and pulled my hips against him. He kissed me for a solid minute, just slow and letting the kiss play out. It felt intimate, and nice. I tried to lift my arms to put them over his shoulders, and winced, effectively ending the perfectly good kiss.

Billy rested his forehead on mine, "I told you, no arms above the rib cage." I smiled and pecked him on the lips again before pulling away to take the pills and drink my water. I walked into the kitchen.

"Are you hungry?" I asked him, and he nodded. "What do you want?" I asked him, "I have rice, frozen pizza, mac&cheese, cold cuts, I can make some fries—"

"Do you have ramen noodles?" He asked me, sounding hopeful.

"Who doesn't have ramen noodles?" I laughed, "How many packages do you want?"

"Two?" He asked, and it looked like he was scared I'd tell him no.

"Okay," I said, taking out four, "I'll make an extra. You can have more if you want it." He looked at me the way he did when I told him not to kneel. Like he couldn't believe I cared enough to make an

extra package of ramen.

"You can turn on the TV," I told him, wondering why he was just sitting in the dark.

"Okay?" He said, and reached for the remote. I watched from over the stove as he clicked through different channels. He stopped momentarily on a miniepisode of *V* but ended up clicking past it.

"Hey," He said sounding excited, "Friday the 13th is on—you want to watch that? It looks like it just started."

"Yeah okay, we probably won't get to finish it if you still want to work on your car tonight." I told him, adding the noodles to the boiling water.

He looked up at me, "We don't have to do that tonight." He said, getting up off the couch, "Besides, that would mean taking you to my house, and I don't want to expose you to that on the first date." He said walking down the hallway to my bedroom.

"Oh, so this is a date now?" I called after him, "Do you often sleep with your date before dinner is served?" I stirred the noodles, and watched him walk back from my room with some clean blankets, and two pillows.

"Oh, sweetheart." He said, laying the first blanket over the leather, and the second one folded on the floor. He put the pillows at the head of the couch near where our heads would be, "What we did barely counts as sleeping with me. You're still a virgin in my eyes, baby. No harm, no fowl." I scowled at him.

"I am not—" I started to say, but stopped. I technically was a virgin with him like he said before. I opened the seasoning packets and dumped them in the water. He walked in the kitchen and stood behind me, and put his chin on my neck, and his hands on my hips.

"It smells good," He complimented.

"Thanks, I had nothing to do with the smell." I said, and he laughed.

"Where do you keep the bowls?" He asked pulling away, and placing

a quick kiss on my neck.

“In the cabinet next to the fridge. Top left.” He walked over, took out two colored plastic bowls, and walked them back over to me. I grabbed the hotplate, and set the pot on my counter.

“Do you like the broth?” I asked him, because I hated it. I usually let it sit long enough to absorb the flavor, then I drained the noodles.

“Nah, I don’t like burning my mouth.” He said.

“We must be soul mates,” I said reaching in the cabinet beside me to grab a colander, “Can you put this in the sink?” He did as I asked, and shooed me away when I tried to lift the pot.

“I’ll do the heavy lifting.” He said, I handed him the potholders and watched as he strained the noodles in the sink, then put the colander back in the pot.

“Thank you,” I said. I grabbed the bowls, and I scooped a huge mound of noodles for Billy, and he took them from me. He walked around the counter, and back into the living room. I scooped myself a small amount of noodles, and followed him with forks for both of us. I hadn’t been feeling well lately, but I knew I could stomach some noodles.

“There’s more left over if you want it,” I told him as we sat on the blanket he put on the floor.

He was silent for a moment, before I heard him say thank you. It was barely above a whisper, and he said it into his bowl. I saw his back heave a little.

“Are you okay?” I asked him, and he turned to look at me. For a second, I thought he might talk about his home life again.

“I just can’t stop beating myself up over hurting you,” He said, looking down at his food. “And you’re being so nice about it.”

“I’m not in the business of hating people,” I said, “I know what you did was wrong, and its clear that you know what you did was wrong as well.” I told him, “You don’t have to keep apologizing.” I said

moving over to sit on his lap again. I think it was my new favorite place to be. I felt small when I was on him, yet kinda powerful. Billy reached down, and took one of my hands, and held it over his heart. "I'll never hurt you again," He said, he sounded like he was trying to convince himself rather than me, "I promise."

"I believe you," I said. He let my hand go, and I picked up his noodles for him, and handed them to him. I grabbed my noodles, and scoot forward a little, so I was in-between his legs, and began to settle in.

"Am I hurting your legs?" I ask him, not wanting to put any unwanted pressure on his knees.

"No, you're okay." He said, and grabbed the remote and turned it up a little, "I like it when you're close to me."

"I never pegged you as a sap," I said, laughing a little.

"Shut up," Billy said, pulling my hair back so he could kiss me.

"Sap," I said after pecking his lips, and he huffed.

"You bring it out in me." He said, as someone screamed on the TV.

"Holy shit," I said, almost dropping my food.

"Have you never seen this before?" Billy asked, laughing at my reaction.

"No," I said, "I hate horror movies!" I said, attempting to scoot away from the screen. Billy laughed behind me, and slid his right arm around my waist.

"Calm down, babe." He said, "It's not real."

"That's what you think—" I said, turning my face away from the screen. If Billy liked this, I would watch it, but I hated the suspense. The music was what killed me. As soon as I heard it, I knew something was going to happen. It made me wish that happened in real life. It would have made shit with the Mind Flayer so much easier. Except the music would probably never stop.

6. One Step at a Time

I asked to move to the couch about half-way through the movie. I didn't like being the closest to the screen, and I hated not having anything to hide my face with. Billy got up, and took the discarded bowls to the sink, and I heard the clatter of dishes as he cleaned them. He had finished off the extra noodles only after I convinced him ten times I was no longer hungry.

"Billy, hurry!" I said, as the killer taunted a girl in the bathroom. I swear to god, everyone in this movie was fucking dumb. I was getting tired of this 'Lets just call out and ask whose there, because god knows the killer's gonna answer.' Shit.

"I'm scared," I whined, hiding my eyes behind a hand. I heard Billy chuckle.

"I'm coming, I'm comin'" He said, turning off the faucet. He came back in holding a dish towel, drying off his hands. He put it on the counter, and walked up to me.

"Are you gonna let me sit down?" He asked while I stretched out, and made room for him.

"Yeah," I said, patting the space in front of me, "You get to lay down right here, so I can hide from the screen." I told him, and he rolled his eyes.

"Are you serious?" He said after a beat, fidgeting a little. I looked up at him, and nodded.

"Is that okay with you?" I asked him, a little concerned. I didn't want to make him uncomfortable.

"It's just—yeah, I guess that's fine." He said, ringing his wrists. He sat down, then laid down in front of me, and I threw the blanket over us. I shuffled down, so I could see the screen, but could hide behind him if necessary. I made sure both our feet were covered before I tangled them together.

Billy wasn't moving much, and I was worried he really wasn't okay with being the little spoon. I knew he liked to be in control and be dominant, and I wanted him to feel safe. I got the feeling he was holding his breath.

"How are you watching this?" I complained, too scared to watch as the music started up again. I finally felt him breathe, and he let out a chuckle.

"Come on, princess, it ain't that bad." He said, reaching back to pat my leg.

"Fuck yes, it is," I said incredulously hiding behind his hair, "I don't like being hunted." I said, instantly regretting it. I knew I couldn't tell him about all the shit I got in with the Upside Down. Surprisingly, he said nothing.

"I wouldn't let anyone hurt you," He said, as someone else got killed. I don't know who, but I know the screams couldn't be a good sign. I put my arm under Billy's bicep, and rested it on his stomach. His rock-hard stomach. Damn. I felt him tense under my hand, but relaxed after a while.

"I know you won't." I said, deciding to test his limits a little. I ran the pad of my thumb lightly back and forth across a small part of his stomach, and waited to see what he'd do. I wasn't surprised to feel him tense up again, but was a little taken aback when he reached down to grab my hand, and interlocked his fingers with mine. I didn't want to ruin the moment, so I didn't question it. I was a little taller than him, so I didn't have any trouble resting my chin on his shoulder. I thought I heard Billy sigh, but I wasn't sure, and I wasn't going to ask him. We watched Alice kill Mrs. Voorhees and I almost jumped with delight.

"Fuck yeah!" I said, and placed a kiss on Billy's shoulder, "The good guy wins again." Billy laughed at my excitement.

"Just keep watching," He said, and I quickly sank down again, instantly scared. If she came back from the dead, I was gonna be pissed. I watched as Alice relaxed in the canoe, and the cops showed up. I almost kicked Billy for lying to me about a bad ending when a

kid jumped out of the water and capsized the canoe. I shot down behind Billy again, and pushed my head between his shoulder blades.

“Was that—” I said, not wanting to look up, “Please tell me that wasn’t Jason, and that there won’t be a second movie.” Billy laughed, and shook his head.

“That was Jason, and there better be another damn movie.” He said, and I heard the ending credits beginning to role. The music was still creepy, but at least no one was actively slaughtering people on the screen. I groaned at his response. He laughed and turned around on the couch.

“So...” He said, looking at my lips, “What did you think? New favorite movie?”

“Fuck no!” I said, and he smiled, poking his tongue out a little.

“I didn’t think so.” He said, and pressed a feather light kiss on my chin. “We should watch Halloween next. It’s about babysitters being murdered. You’d love that, wouldn’t you? Since you’re babysitter of the year and all.” I grumbled, and kissed him.

“I hate you,” I said, and he laughed.

He pressed two more chaste kisses to the sides of my mouth, and then one square on the lips. “So, what do you want to do?” He asked, between kisses to my cheeks, and forehead. I knew he meant sexually by the hungry look he gave me.

“I don’t know,” I said, growing hard despite trying so hard not to. “I’m new at this.”

“Well,” He said, resting his forehead against mine, “I know you said you don’t want to have sex, but there’s a lot of other stuff we could do.”

“Like what?” I asked, trying to think of something other than blow jobs, and actual sex.

“Well, I could finger you until you come. Nice and slow, and deep.” He whispered the word deep in my ear, and I felt myself flush a dark

red. I felt his hand dip below my waistband. I let out a whimper when he slid his hand down, and gripped my ass hard.

“Ah—fuck,” I said bucking forward, and he slowly removed his hand.

“Would you like that?” He asked. I was embarrassed I got aroused so quickly.

“Yes,” I whispered against his skin.

“I’m sorry, what was that?” He asked, sounding smug. He pinched the fat on my ass and I nearly choked on my words.

“Yes please,” I whimpered as he ran his hand back under my sweatpants, and spread my cheeks apart. He lightly prodded at my hole, and I clenched involuntarily. He removed his hand, and I moaned at the loss.

“I need your keys,” He said, getting off the couch.

“Wait...what?” I asked, grabbing his hand as he got off the couch. He must of saw the panic in my eyes, because his face softened.

“I’m not doing this without the proper equipment.” He said, and I didn’t quite understand.

“What equipment?” I asked, shifting towards the edge of the couch, and sitting up.

“Well, we need lube. I don’t want to hurt you.” He said.

“I have lotion,” I responded, motioning to my bedroom, not understanding.

“Trust me, you don’t want that inside of you.” He said, “The kind you have will burn.”

“Oh—okay?” I said, trusting him. He probably knew better.

“So...can I take the keys?” He asked, swinging our hands back and forth waiting for a reply, “I’m just running to the Quik-Mart down the road.”

“Not without me, you’re not.” I said, standing up. His face hardened.

“Steve, I know you want to come, but if anyone saw us buying lube together and told my dad he’d kill me.” Billy paused, “He’d kill you. No questions asked.” I fought the urge to roll my eyes. He might get rough but it’s not like he’s gonna kill me.

“I can hide in the back seat.” I told him, “I won’t even come in. I just don’t want to be here alone after watching that movie.”

Billy took a minute to consider, and I made a pouty face and stuck out my bottom lip. I blinked a few times, batted my eyelashes at him. Nancy always told me I had feminine eyelashes, and always tried to put mascara on me. It was funny until one day she did it, and she told me she thought I should wear it more often.

“Fuck—” He said, running a hand down his face, “Fine! But you’re staying in the car. Hoodie and sunglasses.” I grinned, and leaned in for a kiss. He grumbled, but met me half way.

“Keys are in the ash tray,” I said, pointing behind him. “Let me just grab a hoodie.” I walked back towards my room, and he followed me.

“I need a shirt.” He said, and I threw my basketball t-shirt at him. He made a face, “This clean?”

“Of course, it’s clean,” I said, taking a clean hoodie off a hanger. I turned and watched Billy pull the shirt on. It hugged him in all the right ways. He walked over to me, and took the hoodie from me, and slid it over my head.

“No hands over the ribcage,” He whispered in my ear, and pulled away.

Billy took about five minutes in the Quik-Mart before making his way back to my car. I was hunkered down in the front seat—where he graciously let me stay when we realized there was no one else in the parking lot—with my hoodie pulled tight, and sunglasses on. He tossed the yellow bag at me, and took out his pack of cigarettes and lit one. I checked out the rest of the contents, and blushed. Cherry

lube? He bought several bottles as well as a large box of condoms. I feared having sex with a man, but Billy had been so understanding today. I feel like I could be comfortable, and open with him. One step at a time, though.

7. A Little Apprehensive

We pulled into my parking spot, and we both got out of the car. I walked up to the door, and he handed me the keys. I let us in, and stood in the middle of the living room holding the yellow bag.

Billy must have noticed I the look on my face, because he locked the door, and walked over to me. He took the bag out of my hand, and set it on the floor. He placed a large hand on my cheek. I leaned into it, and met his intense stare.

“We don’t have to do anything.” He said, “I want you to enjoy this. I’m good at it, and I promise you it will only hurt a little at first, and then it’ll just be a tiny bit uncomfortable, but then it’ll feel so good you’ll come all over your pretty little tummy.” I felt myself grow a little in my sweats, and nodded.

“I want to,” I said, “I’m just... a little apprehensive.” He nodded, and kissed me.

“Leave it to you to use big words at a time like this,” He chuckled, and reached out for the hem of my hoodie. He swiftly pulled it over my head in one movement. My shirt quickly followed.

“Alright, pretty boy,” He said, his tone sounding authoritative, “Go strip, and wait for me on the bed.” My eyes grew wide at the sudden change in pace. I nodded, and turned around to make my way to the bedroom and he slapped my ass. I jumped, and put a hand where his had been, and scurried into the bedroom. I took off my pants, and slid my briefs off. I was only half hard, but I had no doubt Billy could change that. I laid down on the bed, and stroked myself slowly waiting for Billy to come in. I could hear him shuffling around in the kitchen, and then make his way towards the bed room. My heart sped up, and just as I thought he was going to come in, he turned into the bathroom instead. He was in there for maybe a few seconds before he made his way in the bedroom.

I still had a hand around my dick, and he zeroed in on my motions, “Did I say you could touch yourself?” He asked, that tone sending shivers down my spine.

“No?” I asked, removing my hand, “I’m sorry.” I said, looking away from his eyes.

“It’s okay, baby. You’ll know for next time.” He said, leaning down to kiss me. He bit my lower lip, and I open my mouth to give him access. This kiss was more fluid than the rest were, it was like he was taking his time. He pulled away, and I whined. He held his hand out as if to give me something. I opened my hand, and watched as he dropped a few Excedrin, and pointed to the water on the table beside me. I threw them in my mouth, and resisted the urge to chew them. I quickly swallowed, and he ruffled my hair. I pulled his hand toward the bed, and he ran his tongue over his teeth like he does. I felt my dick twitch at that.

“Patience, princess.” He said, “Let me sit.” I scrambled over to let him on the bed. He made his way to the headboard, and rested his back on it. He put the lube on my nightstand, and quickly removed his shirt.

“Sit facing away from me on my lap.” He instructed, “I want you on all fours.” I did as he said, but before I could lean down, he kissed my neck, and then slowly pushed me forward so I was on my hands and knees in front of him.

I felt incredibly vulnerable, and open like this. I wasn’t worried about whether I was clean, because I kept a strict hygiene routine. Billy ran his hands up my ass, and spread me open a little.

“Beautiful,” He whispered, and I dropped to my elbows hide my face in the sheets. I jerked a little as I felt him blow on my hole, and I felt as nervous as ever.

“This is going to be cold, okay?” He said, and I nodded. My breathing became rapid. He smeared some of the lube across my hole, and I jumped, letting out a panicked gasp. He shushed me, and placed a soothing hand on the small of my back.

“You’re okay.” He said, “I’m gonna put one finger in first, and when you’re comfortable, tell me when I can add another.” I nodded, and grasped at the sheets. I braced myself for the intrusion, and hissed when I felt his finger nudge inside of me.

“Ah, shit,” I said, clenching tightly, and gasping.

“Relax, baby.” He said, rubbing my back. He pushed in a little farther. I felt him rub around my walls, like he was looking for something.

“You okay?” He asked, and I shook my head, groaning against the bed. It’s not like it hurt a lot, it was just unexpected. It was different. He pushed in past his first knuckle, and began to pull out. I whimpered at that feeling—that felt weird, not sure I liked that. He quickly pushed in again to the knuckle, and continued to do this. His movements had me gasping, and moaning in minutes. He pushed in a little farther and brushed past something inside of me that sent sparks of pleasure fucking everywhere.

“Fuck, god Billy—do that again,” I begged, trying to push back on his fingers. “More, please—fucking Christ—”

“You want another finger?” He asked.

I whined and nodded hard, “Yes!” I said, pushing back again, seeking the pleasure that coursed through my body just moments before.

“Yes what?” He said, removing his fingers and I groaned at the loss.

“Yes please,” I said, babbling, unsure of what he wanted me to say, “Please Billy, more, I need—fuck ple-please,” My voice rose in pitch as I began to beg. My hands clenched the sheets, and I panted onto the side of Billy’s leg. He pushed two fingers past my ring of muscle and I hissed at the stretch. Despite the momentary discomfort it was an easy transition from one finger, to two. He slowly pushed in past his knuckles, and began to spread them apart inside of me. My eyes rolled back, and my mouth fell open.

“Nngh fuck, Billy, ah, fuck—please Billy, I need it,” I whined twisting on his lap.

“God pretty boy, you look so good just swallowing up my fingers,” He said, picking up the pace and brushing past that spot that made me go crazy on every other thrust, “Can’t wait to see my cock disappear in you—fuck that’d be a sight.” I cried out when he applied

direct pressure to that special spot—what the fuck was that? He rubbed his fingers over it again and again. A dirty talking Billy was one thing I never thought would be a turn on, but I had never been so hard in my life.

“I bet you’d beg so pretty for it too, wouldn’t you princess?” He said, making me squirm with the movements of his fingers. I shook my head fast, moaning into the sheets. I was breathing erratically now, aware that I was going to come soon. “You’d beg daddy to let you cum, wouldn’t you?” He breathed, and hearing Billy calling himself my daddy made my hips stutter. I almost came on the spot.

“Fuc—I’m gonna cum,” I said in a high pitch whine, feeling my dick swell at the constant pleasure. I was torn between pushing back on his fingers and grinding on the mattress.

“Ask me for permission, baby,” He said in a low voice, repetitively dragging his finger over the spot and I wanted to cry. I was so turned on, and everything was too much. Did he want me to call him daddy?

“Please, d-daddy, let me cum?” I begged. I was still a little unsure of what he wanted me to say. I heard Billy groan, and watched as he pushed the heel of his hand on his hard on.

“Please let me cum, please—” I whined and bucked into the mattress. Billy took a few agonizing seconds where he just massaged the spot relentlessly.

He barely whispered, “Go ahead, princess” before my orgasm crashed through me. Billy kept up the thrusts with his fingers, and reached under to stroke me to completion. He continued his efforts shortly after I was spent, and caused me to convulse against the mattress.

“Ah—too much,” I said, and he slowly removed his fingers from inside of me and wiped them on the bedsheets. He put his hand on my hip, and the other under my shoulder to help me sit up. I lifted my leg over him, and flopped down on my stomach.

“Was it good?” He asked, rubbing my back. He sounded unsure of himself again, and I wondered why. I was obviously fucking spent, and blissed out. Why does he need reassurance?

“Fucking best,” I mumbled, and he smiled.

“So... daddy, huh?” I said, not knowing exactly what to say, “That a thing for you?”

A blush bloomed across his cheeks, “I mean... I always found it hot, but you don’t have to, you know, call me that.” He said, the insecurity in his voice obvious.

“I kinda liked it though,” I said, making eye contact and moving to sit in between his legs. I ran my hands up his thighs and back down. It would take some getting used to, calling him daddy, but I wasn’t appalled at the thought of it. It’s not like I’d call him that all the time. I leaned up until I was right next to him, and licked the shell of his ear.

“Can I make my daddy feel good?” I whispered, and I swear Billy choked. I watched Billy’s Adam’s apple dip, and he nodded.

I kissed him slowly, running my fingertips down his chest all the way down over the prominent bulge in his jeans. I stopped just to rub him, and he groaned in my mouth. I moved down to lick across the fabric that contained him, and I felt his dick jump.

“Sweetheart, if you don’t stop I’ll cum right now,” he warned, grabbing my hair. I stalled my movements.

“Fuck my mouth,” I said, and flashed him a wicked smile. He looked shocked, like that was the last thing he thought I was gonna say. I’m not that innocent. I know some things.

“You’re going to fucking kill me,” Billy groaned, fingers scrambling to loosen the ties around his sweats. He pulled them down enough that I could get my mouth on him. Billy sounded like he wasn’t going to last long, sucking in sharp breaths and groaning. He was gasping my name in what seemed like seconds, and I hadn’t even taken him fully in my mouth yet.

He pulled me back up, “If you can’t handle it, you tap me three times on the stomach, okay?” He said, looking serious. I nodded, and he let me drop back down.

Once I had him fully in my mouth, and bobbed a few times to stretch my throat, I paused and waited for Billy to take control. Billy sounded like he was in a state of constant groaning. The sound never stopped. I looked up at him, and tried my best to nod, to let him know I was ready. Once he saw that, he ran his fingers through my hair, and gripped tight. I moaned loudly, and Billy cursed.

“Fuck princess, that’s right,” He said, slowly thrusting into my throat. It took some getting used to, but I evenly breathed through my nose when he would pull out, so it was okay. He slowly sped up, but never too fast. I got the feeling he was holding back.

I grasped at his hips, and gagged a little as he hit the back of my throat with a particularly rough thrust. I think he liked to pull my hair because I would moan around him. His thrusts became frantic, and unmeasured towards the end, and I loved hearing him come undone.

“Fuck, princess, daddy’s gonna come,” He groaned, “Shit, fuck your mouth is so good, baby, I can’t—” His hips stuttered, and I felt him fill my mouth with his cum. I swallowed as much as I could, but some spilled out the side of my mouth. I lifted myself off him, and placed little licks all over him to clean him off. I looked up at him, and his eyes were glazed, and his chest was still heaving.

“That...” He began, as I used my fingers to gather the rest of his cum, and lick it off, “Was fucking hot, baby.” I was unable to contain my blush, and smiled.

“C’mere,” He said, motioning for me to come up to him. I did, and he pulled me into his chest, “You did so good, fuck baby, you’re so good.” I shivered, I think I liked him complimenting me a little too much. I think I like the compliments more than the dirty talk, and that was saying something.

He tucked himself back in his sweats, and I thought of getting out of bed to get dressed, but didn’t care enough to do so. I heard Billy sigh, and he pulled me towards him. My eyes were closing, and I snuggled up to him, pressing my face against his chest. He pressed a light kiss on top of my head.

“These sheets are gross,” He commented, running his fingers through my hair.

“Tomorrow—” I promised. We could do everything else tomorrow.

8. Don't Panic

I woke with a start. I wasn't sure if I had heard something, or maybe had a nightmare. I had a lot of those. I usually couldn't remember them, but I knew they were about the Upside Down. I had just begun to close my eyes again when I heard Billy whine. I couldn't tell if it was a good or a bad dream. I had to turn over and see him shaking to decide it was probably another bad dream. I ran my hands up his arms, and moved in closer. I didn't want to scare him, but I knew he was a light sleeper. I guess that came with the territory of an abusive parent.

"Hey," I whispered, holding his shoulder. He was quivering. "Billy, wake up." I was confused when he didn't just shoot up like he did last time. I shook him a little harder, and whispered his name again. That did the trick, because his eyes shot open in fear, and he pushed himself backwards off the bed. I sat up quickly, and put my feet on the floor. I went to get up and comfort him, but he held his arms tight and shook his head.

"Don't—" Billy pleaded. He was pushed up against my dresser, directly across from me. He clutched at his own arms so tight I thought he might get bruises, "Don't touch me, please don't—" I paused, wondering momentarily if I should listen. His eyes said yes.

"Can I sit on the floor?" I asked him. I needed to know what was too close. He nodded, so I reached down and slid on some sweats and lowered myself onto the floor to sit across from him. We sat in silence for a few minutes. I observed as he put his head between his legs, and took several deep breaths. He was still shaking.

"Do you want to talk about it?" I asked, staying where I was. I knew he needed the space.

"I can't." He said.

"Why not?" I ask him, trying to sound calm, but I was freaking out. I just wanted to hold him, tell him it'd be okay. Everything would be alright.

“My dad’s going to hurt you,” He said, his voice breaking, “And I won’t be able to stop it.” I knew telling him that his dad wouldn’t hurt me wasn’t going to help right now. He needed to talk through this episode, pin point what exactly he feared, and how to stop it.

“What makes you think that?” I asked him, my voice soft.

“He hurt my last...friend—we moved here because he said there’d be no one like me. He didn’t want to be the guy who raised a faggot.” Billy said, his shoulders heaved as if he was about to hyperventilate. I may not know much about anything, but I knew the beginning signs of a panic attack when I saw one.

“Hey, Billy?” I asked, leaning forward. It hurt to listen to him struggle to breathe, “I’m gonna need you to breathe with me, okay?” I tried to keep things hands off, and obey his wishes.

He shook his head no, unable to catch his breath, “I can’t,” He gasped, each breath getting shorter, and shorter.

“I’m going to come closer, and I don’t want you to be scared. I’m just going to rub your back” I told him, inching forward. “Is that okay?” I asked, his breath coming in whistles now. He nodded, tears spilling down his cheeks, and his chest began to cave in as he gasped for air.

I came up in front of him, and stretched my legs under his bent knees. He was crushing himself back against the dresser, like he thought he might hurt me.

“Can you lean forward for me?” I asked him, and he was hesitant to comply. I put one arm under his, and placed it on his back. The second I placed on the back of his shoulder to keep him in place. I put his chin on my shoulder to open his airway, and support his neck. I tried my best to restrict his movement otherwise. I knew from experience moving around too much during a panic attack could cause someone to become even more out of breath. I could feel him struggling, and gasping. I suppressed the urge to cry. All the anguish he was feeling was real, and his father made him repress it. His body shook badly, and his hand found my thigh and grasped harshly.

“I’m going to run my hand up your back, and you inhale with the

movement as long as you can, and exhale when my hand goes down, okay?" I explained. He sobbed, and tried his best to nod. I began to move my hand up his back starting out with shorter breaths. I just needed him to regulate airflow first. He couldn't catch a short breath until the fourth time I ran my hand up his back. I began to make longer strokes up and down, and he slowly caught on. After about ten long, agonizing minutes he could take a full breath without wheezing or gasping.

We sat there like that until he stopped shaking, and crying. Once I could be sure he wouldn't regress, I let him move. He just turned, and pressed his face against my chest. I moved his head, so his nose was out. I wanted him to breathe.

"Are you doing any better?" I asked, knowing he wasn't okay. I hate when people ask me if I'm okay ten minutes after a panic attack. Like, no. I'm not fucking okay. He shook his head no, but still seemed calmer than before.

"I know this is the last thing you want to do," I said, moving to run my fingers softly through his hair, "But I need to know why you think your dad's going to hurt me.

Billy was silent for a long time before he croaked, "He paid people last time." And paused, I could feel him starting to shake again. I soothed him, and ran my hand across his back.

"I can't prove it—I would've fucking killed him if I could, but he... he paid people to jump my boyfriend. Friend. We weren't a thing, but I would've fought for him." Billy's voice cracked again.

"Take your time, Billy. Breathe for me." Billy inhaled, and fell silent for a few minutes.

"They told me he was mugged," Billy whispered, "But what kind of mugger leaves a wallet with money and a gold necklace?" I nodded to show I was listening.

"They broke his cheekbone, and fractured four of his ribs. His collar bone was fractured in two places, and he had a punctured lung. His arm was broken, and he had a horrible concussion. He was in a

medically induced coma for almost a week while they waited for his brain swelling to go down.” He said, a little louder this time.

“But the worst part—the worst part was I was eating dinner with my dad while it happened. I remember him smiling, because he knew it was happening. I had no idea what was going on. I thought maybe he wanted to spend time with me for once. That smile—that sadistic smile.” He shook his head, “It still haunts my dreams.” Billy finished. His chest began to heave again, and I ran my hand up his back, and was relieved when he followed my previous exercise. Billy said nothing for a while, but I felt like his story wasn’t over.

“If he finds out about you...” Billy paused, and I felt a tear drip on my arm, “He’ll do it again. I know he will.”

“I understand why you’re scared Billy, and your feelings are valid.” I told him, squeezing him against me softly, “I have no doubt that your dad might try to hurt me. But there are a few differences this time around.” Billy was silent, and let me continue.

“For starters, we can hide it from your dad. Max is on my side, and she won’t say anything. She’ll back us up, I promise.” Billy took a breath, as if to say something before stopping.

“Second, now that I know this is a possibility, I can be ready to defend myself. I may have lost a fight with you, but I’ve won plenty.” He nodded against my chest, and looked at me for a second. I put my hand on his cheek, and he looked away.

“This is also a small town. This isn’t California. Everyone knows me here. Hopper is on my side, and the station is literally five minutes up the road. He’s gonna run into trouble finding people to come after me.” Billy nodded again, and I really hoped he agreed with me.

“And lastly,” I said kissing the top of his head, “I have you. You’ve already sworn to protect me. You know what he’s like when he’s acting weird, and if he is, you come to me.” Billy held my arm, and nodded one last time. We sat there for another ten minutes in silence. I placed gentle kisses on his head, until he finally looked up at me.

“Why are you so good at this?” He asked, his tear streaked face made

my heart hurt.

"I have experience with anxiety," I told him.

"I thought that was going to be the worst attack I've ever had," He said, running a hand down his face, "But you stopped it in its tracks. If I was at home, I would've passed out again."

"Again?" I said, my heart throbbing for him.

"It's a usual occurrence I guess. My dad doesn't have to physically hit me to make me break down. Even the threat of his fists makes me crack at this point." I hugged him tight to my chest.

"If I had my way, he would never hurt you again." I told him, "You can stay here whenever you want. I don't care. My door is always open." Billy looked at me, and I nodded at him.

"You mean that?" He asked, sounding guarded.

"I hid a spare key to this place under the lawnmower off the side of the porch." I told him, letting him know I was serious, "I don't even care if I'm not here. This is a safe place for you, and Max." I said, kissing his forehead, "You shouldn't have to deal with that monster."

Billy was silent for a long time.

"I'm glad I found you." He finally said.

"I just wish you moved here under better circumstances," I said, "But I'm so glad you're here now." I told him. I ran my hands through his hair, and placed one last kiss on his head.

"You want to get back in bed?" I asked him, looking at my alarm clock. It was almost 4:30. I knew there was no way we'd be getting up for school on time. I'd radio and see if anyone needed a ride, then probably go pick up Max and let Billy sleep.

"Yeah," He said weakly. He turned tried to get up, putting his hands on the floor, trying to keep the pressure off his knees.

"Are you sure he didn't fracture anything?" I asked him, worried.

"I don't know. I never checked." He said, sitting stiffly on the edge of the bed.

"Do you want ice to put on them?" I asked, "Or I could get a heating pad. Sometimes that helps with inflammation."

Billy looked at me and laughed a little, and it was so nice to see him smile again. "I'll take the ice, maybe I'll put heat on it tomorrow." I nodded, and walked across the room. I kissed him, and held nothing back. He reached up, and put one hand on my face and the other ran down my chest.

I pulled away, "You're not going to school tomorrow." I told him firmly.

He laughed, "Okay, mom." I raised my eyebrow at him. He let out a noise that I thought in the back of my mind sounded a lot like a giggle—but I would never tell him that.

"Do you want me to pick up Max?" I asked, and he froze.

"Hell no." He said, "You're not going near my house unless I'm there or I'm with you." He said, dead serious. "Susan can take her to school."

"Okay," I agreed, and pushed on his chest, "I might leave to pick up Dustin, so don't be scared if you wake up and I'm not here. I'll leave a note." I told him, and he nodded again, "Lay down. I'll go get the ice." He followed my instructions and laid next to the wall.

I went in the kitchen, and filled two bags with ice. I wrapped them with kitchen towels, and grabbed two waters from the fridge. On my way back to the bedroom, I found some Advil PM for him in the medicine cabinet. I knew his head probably hurt from the crying, and it would help with his sleep and swelling.

I walked back in, and found him reading a book that had been in the drawer of my nightstand. It was *The Shining* by Stephen King.

"I thought you didn't like horror?" He said, closing the book when I entered.

"I said I didn't like horror movies." I told him, handing him the Advil and a water, "Reading it is much, much different."

"Oh?" He laughed at me, and swallowed the pills. "And how is that?"

"Books don't make noise, they don't actually scream." I said, "I'm not a fan of loud noises."

"I guess I can respect that," He said, as I ushered him to lay flat. I placed the make shift ice packs on the outside of both his knees, and he hissed at the cold.

I got in bed to lay next to him, and went to turn off the light, but he stopped me.

"Don't," He said, panic washing over his features.

"The light?" I asked him, and he nodded. A blush betrayed him, and caused him to turn red.

"I need to... see everything," He said, ringing his wrists again, "I need to be sure."

I understood. I was the same way. I moved closer to him, and put my head on his arm.

"I'll wait til you fall asleep," I said, running a hand over his chest.

"Will you..." He started, before clamming up. He shook his head.

"Will I what?" I said, turning his face to look at me, "Tell me, Billy."

Billy considered me for a moment, and finally asked if I would read to him. The question made my heart flutter, and I felt more love for him in that moment than I ever had for anyone else. I would never admit it though. At least, not right now.

I picked up the book, and began to read from the beginning, "Jack Torrance thought: Officious little prick. Ullman stood five-five, and when he moved, it was with the prissy speed that seems to be the exclusive domain of all little plump men. The part in his hair was exact..."

And after a few chapters, Billy was fast asleep. I turned the light out, and rested my head over his steady heartbeat.

9. Waffles & Nerves

I woke back up around six, and knew I had to make sure none of the kids needed rides. I scoot down the bed, and got up. I went to the bathroom, and ran my hands through my hair a bunch until it sat the way I wanted it to. I walked into the living room, and grabbed the radio off the top shelf and turned it on.

“Dustin—you there?” I said, speaking loudly because I was still getting used to it. It took a minute for him to answer.

“Yeah, this is Dustin. Over.” I laughed, and pressed on the sides again.

“Do you guys need rides?” I asked, refusing to say ‘over’ every time I stopped talking.

“Give me a second, I’ll ask my mom and everyone else. Over.” I chuckled.

“Roger that.” I stood up, and walked into the kitchen. I opened the fridge and looked for something to eat for Billy and me. Eggos seemed good enough. I pulled out an entire sleeve because I knew Billy would eat a lot. I pulled the toaster forward, and dropped four in.

I turned and grabbed M&M’s, chocolate chips, and syrup out of my cabinet. I don’t know why I even have all this stuff. Its probably back from when Nancy and I were a thing. She liked the sweets. I like to eat my Eggos plain, with my hands. I put all the toppings on a tray I grabbed from the cabinet. The toaster popped up right as I heard Dustin calling back for me.

“Hey, Max is the only one who needs a ride, can you get her? Over.” Dustin’s voice called out. I dropped four more Eggos into the toaster.

“Uh—can Billy take her?” I said, picking up the radio and walking back to the kitchen. I wasn’t sure what to say. I had been specifically told not to pick up Max.

“She said Billy is gone, and his car is jacked up. Over.” Dustin said. I hesitated, not knowing what to say. I didn’t want Max to think I hated her, I wanted to help. Before I knew it, the radio was plucked out of my hand.

“Tell that brat that Susan can take her to school, or she can walk.” Billy hissed into the radio, and handed it back to me. My mouth dropped open, and I watched Billy walk back to the bathroom.

“Uh... Steve?” I heard Dustin say without adding an ‘over’.

“Yeah, uh, sorry about that. Billy and I are fixing up his car.” I said into the radio. The radio on Dustin’s side turned on, but he didn’t say anything for a minute.

“Did he... spend the night? Over.” I flushed, knowing exactly what Dustin meant.

“No! He’s just fixing his car... and I’m... helping?” I said, and I heard Dustin’s radio click on and off.

“But Max said... his car is at home? Over.”

“I, uh, I have to go. Tell Max I’m sorry—tell me if anyone needs rides home.”

“Okay... Over.” Dustin said, and I clicked the radio off. I barely took a moment to think about the exchange we had, knowing Dustin wouldn’t let the “Did Billy sleep over” thing to rest. I got off the couch, and went to grab the breakfast tray. I turned to the fridge, took out two waters, and kicked it shut.

I grabbed the tray, and walked down the hallway to my bedroom. Billy’s face lit up when I walked through the door with food. Or maybe its because I came in the room? I don’t really know. I really wish it’s the later. Billy ran his tongue over his teeth, and sat up with his legs spread.

“You makin’ breakfast now?” Billy asked, pulling me closer by my hips.

“Uh... yeah, I thought you’d be hungry?” I said, putting the tray

down next to him so I wouldn't spill the tray everywhere.

"I am, baby boy." He said, dragging his tongue up my chest, "I'm always hungry."

I sputtered, and tried to pull away. Billy just laughed and began grabbing me by my ass and pulling me forward to sit on him. I gave in, and allowed myself to be manhandled onto his lap.

"I like your bedhead hair." He told me, and kissed my shoulder. I was expecting a heated make out session, but Billy just reached over to the tray and grabbed an Eggo.

"You want Syrup?" He asked, eyeing me.

"No, I like them plain." I told him. He gave me a fond smile, and lifted the Eggo to my mouth. I tentatively leaned forward and took a bite.

"That's it, baby," He said, and I chewed slowly, "You're gonna eat the whole waffle for daddy, right?" He asked, lifting the Eggo back to my lips. I nodded, and I took another bite. I kept eye contact the entire time, and I could see a fire burning in Billy's eyes. His tongue kept running over his teeth, and bottom lip like he would rather eat me than the Eggos. I wasn't entirely opposed to that idea. His behavior continued until the whole Eggo was gone. Even though there was no syrup involved, I sucked his fingers in my mouth for good measure. Billy grunted as I lightly sucked on his pointer, and middle finger. I kept a light suction, and swirled my tongue around his digits. I pulled off with a slurping sound which I thought was gross, but it looked like Billy was enjoying himself.

"You're doing so good for me, Baby." He said, picking up another Eggo. "You want another?" He said, lifting it to my mouth. I really didn't, I can't eat much in the morning or I'll feel sick. I decided to eat it though, because it looked—felt—like Billy really enjoyed feeding me. I took a couple bites, and chewed slowly to bid my time. Billy nudged the Eggo to my lips.

"Hold on," I told him, because my stomach was becoming uneasy. Billy immediately pulled the Eggo away, and placed his hand over

my stomach.

“Don’t eat if it hurts, babe.” He said, rubbing my stomach softly.

“I feel bad though,” I told him, “You like feeding me.” Billy smirked.

“That obvious?” He said, removing his hand from my stomach.

“I mean,” I said shifting to feel how hard he was, “Your dick was a dead giveaway.” Billy hummed as I moved my hips to meet his soft thrusts.

“Why don’t you eat much?” He asked, slowly his movements.

“I don’t know,” I shrugged, “I’ve never ate much before, but I just haven’t had much of an appetite for the past couple months.” I told him, and he looked worried, “I know I’ve lost a lot of weight, but I can gain it back. I’ve also been feeling queasy for a couple days.” I told him, and his face fell.

“You probably have a concussion.” He said, running a hand down his face, “And its my fault.” I went into instant defense mode.

“No, don’t say that.” I told him, “I always feel sick in the mornings. Here, I’ll eat another—”

“No!” Billy said, pushing me off him. “Don’t just do everything I tell you to, Jesus—don’t you have any will power at all?” His words shocked me, and I swallowed thickly. His eyes pierced mine from across the room, and I felt ashamed. I also felt sick though, and placed a hand over my stomach. Maybe it was nerves from being yelled at, but also from eating so early in the morning but I felt like I was going to puke.

“I—” I started to say before I threw a hand over my mouth, and ran for the bathroom. I took me three seconds to empty my stomach, before I was leaning back against the bathtub and putting my head in my hands. I felt dizzy, and my stomach still felt funny.

Billy came in, and I didn’t want to look at him. I didn’t want to see the anger directed at me again, and the disappointment in his eyes.

“Baby—” He said, making his way behind me and cradling my head. “I didn’t... I didn’t mean to yell at you. I just—” He groaned, “I got mad, because I know I’m the cause of all this. You wouldn’t be so dizzy or sick if it wasn’t for me.”

I didn’t say anything, but I let him run his fingers through my hair.

“And when you tried to hurt yourself by eating more just because I liked it...” He said, running his fingers through my hair, “I don’t know, it hurt. I don’t want to hurt you, and I especially don’t want you to hurt yourself.”

“I just wanted to make you happy,” I said, pushing down on my eyes. My head was really starting to hurt. It was probably from puking.

“I know—I just, shit kid. You can’t just hurt yourself to make me happy.” Billy said, “That’s all I’m saying. Don’t do it again.” It sounded more like a plea than a command.

“Okay,” I whispered, my head resting back against him for a few minutes before I lurched forward to puke again. Billy held back my hair, and rubbed my back as I rested my cheek against the toilet seat and moaned.

“Something’s not right.” Billy said, worried. His leg began to bounce, and I reached a hand back to stop it. It was making me nauseous.

“I swear Billy, this just happens sometimes.” I told him, “Its nerves. I get sick when I get anxious, and I tried to eat too early.” Billy made a noise to convey that he wasn’t convinced.

“It’ll go away in a few minutes, I promise.” I said, lifting my head and wiping my mouth.

“If you say so, princess.” He said, letting me rest on him. I gave it a few minutes before I let him lift me to my feet, and walk me into the bedroom. The Eggos were discarded on the nightstand. Billy left for a minute, and came back with a large bowl and two cups. One had mouth wash, and the other was empty.

“It’s either you swish, and spit or go brush your teeth.” He said, handing me the items. He left once more, and I decided to make use

of the mouth wash because my mouth tasted like death. When he came back, he had a plate of saltines, and a few Excedrin. I discarded the mouthwash, and he dropped the Excedrin in my hand. I swallowed them down with my water, and drank the rest of the bottle slowly.

“Feeling any better?” He asked, taking the cups of mouth wash, and dumping them in the bathroom.

“A little.” I said, grabbing a saltine and biting into it. Billy took a couple Eggos, and sat against the headboard, and I hesitantly crawled in between his legs. I ate my saltines, and Billy ate nearly all the waffles.

“How the actual fuck are you eating all of those?” I said, watching in disbelief.

“What?” He said, “Gotta fuel up for today's activities... if you know what I mean.” He winked, and I blushed, looking down to nibble on my last cracker.

“I think anyone would know what you mean, Billy.” I said, smacking his arm when he grazed my stomach. It tickled.

“I’m just kiddin’ baby, you’re sick.” He said, giving my neck a quick peck, “I want you to enjoy it wholeheartedly when we mess around. None of this sick business.”

“How romantic.” I deadpanned. Billy chuckled.

“You tell me when you’re hungry again, and I’ll make soup.” He told me, and I climbed over his leg to lay down. He swiped crumbs off the bed, and made room for me to lay next to the nightstand. Easy access to a bucket, if need be.

“Okay,” I said, stretching out. I watched Billy finish the last Eggo, and pat his stomach in triumph.

“I’m gonna need to go on a long ass run later today.” He said, laying down behind me and pulling a blanket over the both of us.

“I’ll change the sheets when you go,” I told him.

“Yeah, that might be a good idea.” Billy said, pulling me closer. We fell asleep for a few more hours, at best.

10. No Where Else I'd Rather Be

It's been a about three months since Billy and I started to hang out. After the second week, Billy asked if I would date him. I agreed, and Billy was over the moon. All my bruises have faded, but I've noticed Billy acquiring new ones every time he goes home for longer than a day or so. He never wants to talk about it, but I always kiss his cuts and bruises and tell him he deserves so much more. Billy refuses to give up on his father, because that's his dad. I understand, but it hurts to see him like this.

One night after he showed up brutally beaten, I tended to his wounds, and told him just to talk. I wanted to hear more about whatever he wanted to talk about. Billy was quiet at first, just hissing when I applied alcohol to cuts. Then he started to tell me about his mother.

"She always knew what to say, you know?" He said, holding his breath when I examined his knuckles. I nodded, and Billy kept talking about her.

"She sounds like a wonderful woman." I told him. I had finished patching him up, and walked him back to my room.

"She was," He said, choking up. I helped Billy lay down, and laid down next to him. He wrapped himself around me.

"She would have loved you." He told me, his head on top of mine, "I wish she was here, not my father. She would've wanted to meet you after the first day I talked about you."

"What was she like?" I asked him. Billy was quiet for a while, before he started to talk.

"She used to take me for walks all the time. She could tell when I was getting angry, and we would just walk anywhere until I calmed down. She always knew what I needed to hear, and when I needed to hear it. She never questioned anything I said. It didn't matter if I said I had a crush on the boy in my class, or I hated my father. She had a way of making me feel heard, and feel safe." Billy said, and I didn't

say anything, because I knew he wasn't done.

"She always shielded me from my dad when I was young. I knew he had a temper, but he never laid a hand on me until the day I kicked him for slapping her. I don't remember deciding to kick him, but the sound the slap made echoed around in my head, and I couldn't just stand by anymore. I ran over, and kicked him in the shin. He was about to pull her up by her hair, but he dropped her and knelt to look me in the eyes. I was only six, and I had never been so scared in my life."

"I wish someone would have done something," I said, holding back tears at his story. Billy was holding me tight, like he was scared I might disappear. All I could do was run my hands through his hair, and listen. I could imagine a little Billy trying to save his mom. He would rush in without thinking. He had a fire inside him, one that burned bright to protect the ones he loved.

"No one knew. My dad made sure of that. My mom had no friends. She wasn't allowed. She was barely allowed to leave the house." He said, answering my question. I ran my hands up his sides, just trying desperately to comfort him.

"When my dad knelt that day, he was smiling. I thought maybe he would explain why kicking him was wrong, or why my mom needed a punishment. He did that sometimes after he hit her. What I didn't expect was the punch. It was so quick, and hard I barely felt it at first. I was dazed. I remember wetting myself, and being embarrassed at that rather than crying from the hit. That made him mad. My dad was smiling, and my mom was screaming in the background. She kept telling him not to hurt me, but he picked me up and threw me down. He smashed my head into the floor a couple of times. I don't remember much after that." He finished, and fell silent. I wanted to hear more about him, but I didn't want to make him sad. I could hear the struggle in his voice, and the depression he kept smothered.

"She died a few years later. They said it was a suicide, but there was no note. My dad tells me every chance he gets that her death was my fault," He said, and his voice broke a little, "But I know she wouldn't have left me alone with him. It was either an accidental overdose, or he killed her. She wouldn't have just left me." He said, his voice

quaking. I couldn't keep it in any longer, and I started to cry. I pulled away from him, and kissed his face over and over. He held my wrists against his chest as my body was racked with sobs I couldn't control even though I tried. I looked Billy dead in the eyes, and asked him a question. It was arguably the most important question I've probably ever asked anyone in my life. Yet.

"Will you move in with me?" I said, shaking and clutching at his shirt, "I know... I know we haven't been dating long, but I—I can't stand it when you leave. Every time you go I wonder if you'll come back, and in what state. I can't keep doing this, I can't keep wondering if you'll make it through the night. I like it when you're here and I can hold you, and I know you're safe."

Billy released my wrists, and sat us up. He pushed some of my hair behind my ear. His silence was scaring me, so I found myself talking. I just couldn't stop.

"And we could move, you know? We don't have to stay here. Your dad doesn't know where I live, and even if he figures it out, I can just take the money my parents left, and we can move in somewhere else. Hopper has a cabin out in the woods. We have options. And this is just until we finish school, then we can leave! We'll go somewhere where you can work in a garage, or join the Army, and I'll work at a diner near a community college, so I can get a social work degree like we talked about. We can do this Billy. Just, please don't go back there, I can't lose you—" I said, and my words tapered off into crying again. Billy pulled me into his chest, my hands trapped between our chests, and he held me there. Billy was the closest thing I've had to family since my father disappeared. We were both broken in our own ways, and that made it feel more real than anything I had with Nancy. I could feel him crying as well, and I wanted nothing more than to stop and hold him. I should be holding him right now, not the other way around.

Once our tears stopped, and I could breathe without my breath catching, he pulled my chin up to meet his eyes, "Yes, baby boy." He said leaning down to press a kiss to my lips. I could taste the salt from our tears mixing, and I reached up to cup his face.

"I want everything you just said, and then some." He told me, using

his thumbs to wipe my cheeks, “I want to move somewhere that he isn’t, and I want to come home to you every night. I want to make you diner, and rub your back after long shifts. I want a future with you, because I never pictured one before you, and now I can’t picture one without you.”

He leaned in to kiss me, and I thought I might start crying again. He left a chaste kiss on my cheek.

“So, my answer is yes, baby. I’ll move in with you. Here, there or anywhere. I don’t care. I’ll move in tonight if it makes you happy. I’ll have to grab my stuff from my house, but I’ll be back.”

“No!” I said, jerking in his grip. “You’re not going back there without me. I won’t let him hurt you.”

“Baby, if he saw you, and he got a hold of you, he would kill you. I can’t—I can’t let him hurt you. I would never forgive myself.” Billy said, trying to convince me.

“You’re 17, and legally allowed to move out. I’ll get Hopper to escort us, and we can fill up both the cruiser and my car with your things, and leave. He won’t hurt you if we have the cops with us.” I said, and Billy looked like he was speechless.

“I...” He said, running a hand through his hair before dropping it, and grabbing my face to kiss me again. This kiss was heated, and full of passion.

“Okay,” He agreed between kisses.

“Okay?” I asked, pushing him down, and climbing on top of him. I was careful to avoid all the bruising on his torso.

“Yes, Steve. I want you. I—” He paused, pulling me down to kiss me again, “I love you.”

I pulled away from him, and wiped my mouth. He had never said that to me before, and I was waiting for the right moment to tell him I loved him for weeks. I felt myself blush, and I leaned down to kiss his chest, and make my way back to his lips.

"I love you more." I told him, unable to contain my smile. Billy grabbed the back of my head, and pulled me down into another searing kiss. He flipped us over, and settled between my legs.

"I doubt that." He growled, continuing the kiss. I could feel the full weight of his body pressing me into the mattress, and I loved it. I found myself moaning when he started gyrating his hips into mine.

"God, I just wanna—" He said, before stopping his train of thought. Billy was very respectful when it came to my wishes and not wanting to have sex. He never tried to persuade me, or even mention it. This just slipped out. I knew what he was going to say. I wish he had finished his sentence.

"I want to." I whispered, entirely sure of my decision, but embarrassed nonetheless. Billy paused his movements over me, and looked down.

"You want to... have sex?" He said, looking a little shocked, but excited.

"I want you to make love to me." I told him, "I wanted this to be special, and now it will be. I love you. I want you. Please?" I said, biting my lip. Billy just stared at me for a second before he was shocked into action.

"Fuck, baby. I want to make this special. Hold on." He said, scrambling out of bed. I took this time to undress. I grabbed the box of condoms and lube out of my nightstand, and placed them on the bed. Billy came back in with some candles, and a tape player.

"I... might have made a mixed tape for this occasion." He said, obviously red, and coughed. It just made me smile more, and reach out for him. He came over, and kissed my nose before making his way back to set things up.

"You're such a dweeb," I said. He lit the candles, and hit play on the tape player. I heard the beginning to "All out of Love" coming on, and he walked over to me. I unbuckled his belt, and it looked like he was shaking. I slid the jeans down his legs, and he stepped out. I leaned forward, and pressed a kiss just above his navel. He sucked in

a breath.

I looked up at him, and slid his briefs down his legs. His member was already half hard from our make out session. He ran his hand through my hair when I took him in my hand, and began to stroke him. He shuddered out a breath. I knew blowing him would make him harder, so I dropped to my knees and licked his tip. Billy bit his lip to stifle his noises, and pressed himself past my lips. I worked him over until he was grunting every time I pulled off. It took until the end of the second song, but he was completely hard. I deep throat him just for good measure, because I had become very good at it. He groaned, and tugged on my hair. Foreigner's "I want to know what love is" began to play, and I smiled.

"I like the songs." I told him, and he grinned.

"I tried to find songs I knew you'd like." He said, pushing me down on the bed. He crawled in between my legs, and pulled my thighs down toward him. "We don't exactly have the same music taste."

"Well you did a good job," I said, as he leaned over me. He kissed my neck, and slowly made his way down my body. He reached my nipples, and licked over one, and took the second between his fingers. My mouth dropped open in a silent moan, and I grabbed at his arms. He smiled, and looked up at me before biting softly down.

"Ah, fuck—Billy," I said, pushing him lower. He grabbed the lube from beside my head, and followed my direction.

"You look so beautiful, baby." He said, paused between my legs. He sat up, and pulled my knees over his legs. I let my legs drop apart, and Billy rubbed some lube over his fingers.

"You ready?" He whispered. I leaned up on my elbows and nodded. I watched as he pushed one finger in. I had taken four at one point, so one didn't feel that intrusive. He began thrusting in slowly, looking for my prostate. He had explained to me one day what it was that made it feel so good, and why. When he found it, my head dropped back, and I moaned. His other hand made its way to my dick, and began to stroke me.

“Yes, please Billy, more.” I said, trying to keep myself up on my elbows. I wanted to watch everything. It didn’t take long for me to get frustrated and start fucking myself on his fingers. Billy let out a groan, and began to thrust his fingers in harder.

“You’re doing such a good job, baby.” He said, using his other hand to stroke me faster. I was moaning commands in minutes, and Billy followed every single one. He added another finger, and my breath caught. He hit my prostate on the same thrust, and I dropped to the bed. I ran a hand over my chest, and began to play with my own nipples. My moans were light, and breathy with every thrust of his fingers.

“Fuck, baby, you look so beautiful like this.” Billy groaned, and sucked a hickey into my thigh. Billy had become obsessed with my thighs when I finally began eating for him, and put some weight back on. “All splayed out, just for me. Playing with yourself like that. I love that I’m the only one whose touched you like this, who can make you feel this way. God, you’re so beautiful. I don’t say it enough.”

“Billy, please... I’m ready, please,” I whined, wanting him inside me so I could hold him against my chest and kiss him. Billy tentatively added a third finger, and pushed his fingers in deep before parting them inside of me. I cried out, and his middle finger caressed that spot inside of me, and I thought I might come if he didn’t stop soon.

Billy must have sensed I was close, because he was pulling his fingers out. I whimpered at the loss, but got butterflies in my stomach because I knew he’d be inside me soon. Billy leaned over me, and grabbed a condom. I watched as he pinched the tip, and slid it on. Once he had it secured, I pulled him down for a kiss. We stayed there for a while, and he took time exploring my mouth. He pulled away and kissed down my neck, and my chest. He licked over a nipple quickly before pulling away and sitting up.

“Are you ready?” He asked, positioning himself at my hole. I nodded, and relaxed. I wrapped my legs around him, and my fingers gripped the sheets. I felt him nudge the tip in, and it was a lot bigger than his fingers.

“Go slow,” I asked, and he nodded. Billy leaned down to kiss me. He kept one hand stroking me slowly to distract me from the pain. Once his tip was completely inside me the rest of him didn’t hurt as much. He inched in slowly, and I found myself struggling to breathe.

“God, Steve. You look so beautiful. You’re doing such a good job for me, baby.” He said, pushing in some more. “Shit, you’re so fucking tight, Princess.” He grit out, and I almost laughed. One more shallow thrust, and he was fully inside of me. He stayed still to let me adjust, and kissed me all over my face waiting until I said okay. It only took a minute or so for the burn to fade into a dull ache. Billy shifted a little, almost losing his balance, and hit my prostate on accident.

“Oh, god.” I gasped, squirming a little, “Move, Billy, please.” Billy nodded, and slowly pulled out a little and thrust back in. He was the perfect length to hit that spot every time he buried himself back inside of me. Billy leaned down so he could kiss me, and whisper in my ear.

“God, baby, you’re so perfect, I’m so fucking lucky,” Billy purred, “You’re so beautiful. Fuck, princess, I’ll never leave your side.” He groaned.

My moans became louder, and his thrusts became quicker. Every time he thrust in me, I let out a high pitch moan. I tried so hard to keep quiet by biting my lip, but Billy noticed. He ran the pad of his thumb over my lip to pull it out.

“Don’t be quiet baby, I wanna hear you.” Billy said, leaning down to bite my lip in the same spot and I lost it, whining into his mouth. I scratched his back, and his hips sputtered for a second.

“Faster,” I moaned, “Pl-please Billy, faster.” Billy followed my command, and began to thrust in quicker. He grabbed my hands, and looked down into my eyes. I couldn’t keep eye contact, because I was embarrassed of how loud and inexperienced I probably was. He laced his fingers in mine, and moved his hands in to trap my head directly below his.

“Stop hiding from me, sweetheart.” He said, leaning down to kiss me, “You’re beautiful, and I want you to know that.” I bit my lip out of

habit, and looked up at him. He kept steady eye contact, steady slow thrusts, and I felt this intense connection. When he began to thrust a little faster he leaned down to kiss me. It was open mouth, and sloppy because I couldn't stop moaning and gasping. Billy took this opportunity to lick into my mouth, and taste as much as he could.

"Fuck baby, so hot." He said, his thrusts becoming faster, and harder, "So gorgeous, just for me. I'm gonna come, princess."

I nodded hard, and threw my head to the side, gasping his name. He pushed all the way in me, and began to circle his hips in a motion that hit my prostate over, and over. I felt like I was going to cry, it was all so much at once. I tightened my legs around his waist, and my toes began to curl.

"Ah, fuck—I... I'm gonna," I whined as I tipped over the edge. My legs loosened around him, and I felt my back arch with the intensity of the orgasm. I think I may have screamed a little too, but everything happened all at once and it was so intense I couldn't tell. I clenched down around him, and I felt his thrusts falter. His hips jerked, and I knew he was coming when he began to pant compliments in my ear. I shook underneath him, and we both rode out our orgasms together.

Billy dropped down on top of me, completely spent. I ran my fingers through his blonde curls, and tried to think of a time where I had been more content. I couldn't think of anything.

"That was incredible," I told him, before he could ask, "I love you so much."

"I love you more," He responded after a minute.

"I doubt that." I said, as he got up. Billy went to slowly pull out of me, and it was uncomfortable. I grimaced, and shut my eyes until he was out. He slid the condom off, tied it and got up to throw it out. He came back with a warm washcloth, and began to wipe me off. I turned over for him.

"I gotta check if you're bleeding, baby." He said resting one hand on the small of my back as he pushed a finger in me. It was too soon,

and I bit my lip, and squeezed my eyes shut as he moved his finger around inside of me. He pulled his finger out a few times to check before pushing back in, and I let out a whine of protest, burying myself in the crook of my arm. He slowly pulled his finger out, and when he was sure there was no blood, he continued to wipe me down.

“The lube will make you sticky. You don’t want that.” He said, after he was done washing me off. He grabbed a pair of sweatpants, and helped me in them. He also grabbed one of my over sized sweaters, because he told me I looked cute in them once. I watched him blow out the candles, and turned the cassette player on low. He pulled his sweats back on, and climbed back in bed with me. He kissed my nose.

“So tomorrow, we get your stuff.” I told him, and he nodded.

“And tomorrow we move in together,” He said, flashing me biggest smile I had ever seen. He laid on his back, and I laid on my stomach, because my backside kinda ached. I snuggled into him, and he threw a blanket over us.

I was nearly asleep when Billy wrapped his arms around me, and I knew there was nowhere else I’d rather be.

11. The Next Morning

I think Hopper expected the call I made the next morning. He had to have known something fishy was going on at the Hargrove Residence, because he asked if Max was okay.

“Billy said Neil never touches Max.” I told him, glancing back at the bedroom. Billy gets extra tired when he’s injured, and we had sex on top of it, so he was still passed the fuck out. It was about 10am, and I needed to know when Hopper could escort us to his house.

“Well, we don’t normally make house calls like this, but I’ll make an exception. Hargrove sounds like he’s been through enough.”

“I owe you one,” I told him, smiling. I was just glad I’d have Billy permanently moved in soon. “Although, since you asked, I don’t think it’s a bad idea to set Max up with a social worker, just in case. Like, make it twice a month or something.”

“I’m already five steps ahead of you kid. If Max so much shows up at school without a coat in winter, she’s living with me. She and El are friends. I’m a foster parent.” He said, pausing, “It all lines up perfectly. I just need that fucker to mess up, and Max will be safe.”

“Thanks, Hopper,” I said, feeling lost for words. Of all the people in my life, I’d consider Hopper to be more of a father figure to me than my dad ever was. “You’re the best.”

“Just doing my job, kid.” He said, “But you’re welcome. I’ll come by around 3 maybe 4, sound good?”

“Sounds great. We’ll be ready.” I told him. Hopper hung up, and I put the phone down. I glanced out the window at Billy’s car.

The first time we almost had sex was because I wore my old shorts to help him fix the car. I hadn’t realized how short they had become until I had Billy pinning me against the car, breathing down my neck. He kept saying how hot I looked in them, and I should wear them more often. I was so flustered that day, I literally almost let him fuck me over the open hood of his car. I came to my senses, because we were out in the public trailer park, and I still didn’t want to have sex

yet. I had wanted it to be special.

Billy did get one hell of a show inside the trailer though. I changed into a cropped shirt, and my shorts, and I thought Billy might bust a nut right then. I had never given a lap dance before, but it was easy to figure out. I had opened a beer for him, and sat him down. I played one of his favorite songs, and just went at it. Billy's been begging for another one for well over a month now, and I think I might just give him one soon. He's been so good to me recently.

Anytime I want his attention I just slip into those shorts.

I wanted to do something special tonight, because it would be the first time he was officially moved in, and safe from his father. There was one thing that he'd been begging me to try, but it hurt whatever masculinity I had left. He wanted me to dress up in girls clothes. He had never outright said it, but every time he saw some chick wearing something, he'd just say things like "That'd look better on you, princess." After a while, I just accepted it. I internalized everything he said, because I really didn't think I'd look good, and I didn't know where to get girls clothes anyway. But I knew someone who did.

I went into the bedroom to find Billy still sound asleep. I wrote him a quick note that just said, "Went grocery shopping. I'll cook tonight. Be ready to go at 3. Love you—Steve". I left it on my pillow, and walked back to the door. I grabbed my keys from the ashtray and headed out.

Nancy knew I was coming, and had left the door open. She agreed to help me find something of that I could wear, even though I was mortified to even ask. Nancy had accepted my being bi as easily as she accepted everything else. That's why I loved Nancy. When I walked into her room, she had a bunch of clothes laid out.

"Steve!" She said, clapping her hands. She ran over and gave me a hug.

"Hey, Nance." I said, hugging her back. She pulled away, slammed her door, and dragged me by the hand over to the bed. I looked at all the clothes, and didn't know what to say.

"I actually took the liberty of going shopping for you, since you said

you're uncomfortable shopping for yourself. I guessed on sizes, but got a few different sizes for you to try." I nodded, and my mouth felt dry. Nancy handed me one outfit, and sent me into her closet to change.

I fumbled a little with the zippers, and the oddly placed buttons, but I eventually pulled it on. It was a flowing blue blouse that buttoned at the wrist, and a pair of slacks. I had to admit, I liked the feel of the shirt on my skin. I opened the door, and Nancy put a hand on her chin.

"We're going for sexy here, right?" She asked, walking around me, "Because you look cute, Steve. You really do. But you look more professional than sexy."

"I like the shirt." I blurted out, and Nancy nodded.

"I have a lot of shirts like that, they're very comfy." She said, gathering another outfit, "You should keep it. You look good."

She sent me back in the closet with a rather revealing top, and a skirt. I knew if I had boobs, they would fall out of this shirt. I wasn't really a fan of the cut, and I knew I'd be just as uncomfortable in front of Billy. I pulled the skirt on, and twirled. Now that, I liked. I looked at the green and black, pleated pattern, and knew this was the skirt I wanted. I just had to find a top I was comfortable in.

Billy had helped me put some of my weight back on, but sometimes I felt self-conscious about the extra fat I had in places, especially my stomach. Billy always made a point to kiss my stomach, and thighs whenever we fooled around, but I was used to being skinny. I wasn't fat by any means of the definition, but now I jiggled slightly, and it was taking some time to get used to.

I walked out of the closet without the shirt, and threw it on the pillows.

"I'm guessing a no to the shirt?" She said, sitting cross legged on the bed.

"I want something that covers me more. I'm going to be cooking and

stuff, and I don't want to feel like I'm completely on display the whole time, you know?" Nancy nodded, and looked around. Her face lit up.

"I have an idea!" She said, bouncing off the bed and out of the room. She came back in with a soft, black sweater in her hands. It was a turtleneck, which I liked.

"It's my moms, but she'll never know its gone." She said, as I pulled it over my head. I let it settle around my hips, and I liked how it hugged my wrists, but was looser near my biceps.

"How does it look?" I asked, spinning a little.

"You look adorable, Steve." She said, pulling out a little bag from under her bed. "Now, before you freak out, I just want you to consider this. If Billy's into this," She said motioning to all the girl's clothes on her bed, "He'll most definitely be into this too." She said, handing over the bag. I took it, and opened spilled the contents on the bed. A few pairs of lace, and cotton panties fell out. I felt myself turn completely red, and fell to my knees.

"You... you think?" I said, picking up a pair of black, lace panties. They had a little bow on the front, and it seemed like they had a little give to the fabric, which would be good for me.

"I do, Steve. But its whatever you're comfortable with. I can give you stockings too, I have black knee highs somewhere." She said, looking around. I ran the fabric through my fingertips, and couldn't get the blush to go away. I laughed a little at myself, and the situation.

"How weird is this?" I said, looking up at her.

"It's not weird Steve!" She said, crawling to the side of the bed that I was sitting next to, and ran a hand across my hair. "It's perfectly normal to want to experiment. What you and Billy have going isn't anyone else's business, and you shouldn't feel ashamed. You look beautiful in that outfit, and you'd look even better with those on too." She said, motioning to the panties.

"It's not weird for you, though?" I asked, "Because we dated, and now I'm wearing girls' clothes for another guy."

“Steve, I love you. I like hanging out with you, and now we can have this to bond over too. You could come shopping with me, and I’ll pretend to be buying things that are for you, and you’ll come in the dressing room with me to try things on. It’ll be great.” She told me. She knew when I was anxious, and I felt it bubbling up all over. “You’re my best friend Steve Harrington, and I’ll be damned if I let you go through this alone.” I looked at her, and felt an overwhelming love for Nancy Wheeler. If Billy and I ever got married, she would be my best man. Best maid? I don’t know.

“You know, we had sex last night. For the first time.” I said, putting the panties back in the bag. I would take them. My face was burning.

“How was it?” She asked, leaning in closer. This is why I love Nancy, nothing ever fazes her.

“It hurt... for a bit. But he went slow, and waited for me, and then it felt good. He was really gentle, and he—he kept calling me beautiful and stuff. It was just really nice.” I told her, my blush darkening, “My back still kinda aches though, and I try to avoid sitting for too long.”

“First times always hurt a little. I was sore for a few days after the first time we had sex. Billy sounds like he really came through, though. I always thought he’d be rough.” She said, thoughtfully. I laughed.

“He can be. He’s very kinky.” I said, laughing when Nancy raised an eyebrow, “Yeah, he’s introduced me to a whole new realm of pleasure. But last night was our first time actually having sex, and he wanted it to be special. He made me a mixed tape, and lit candles and everything.”

“A mixed tape too? Damn, that boy is good.” Nancy said, giggling. I laughed with her, and was glad that I had someone I could talk to about this.

“How much do I owe you for the clothes?” I asked. I would only be taking the skirt, her mom’s shirt, and the panties—and maybe that first shirt.

“It’s on me this time,” She said, putting the things I wanted in a

garbage bag at my request. "Consider it an early birthday present."

I put my jeans back on, and pulled on the T-shirt I'd come in, and gave her a hug.

"Thank you again," I said, taking the bag.

"I also dropped some perfume, stockings, mascara and lip gloss in the bag." She said, releasing me from the hug, "You know, in case you want to go all out." I blushed, and said my goodbyes. It was almost twelve, and Billy would be waking up soon. I wanted to hide the bag in the closet before he got up.

"Tell me how it goes!" She said, waving me goodbye from the door. I waved back, and got in the car. I couldn't help the anxiety still coursing through my body. It was mostly because I'd be facing Billy's dad today, but trying this new thing wasn't helping. I felt sick.

I pulled into my parking spot, and crept up to the door. I tried to hear any sounds of life inside, needing to know if I had to hide the bag. I didn't hear anything, so I let myself in. The house was dark, and I walked back to the bedroom to find Billy still sound asleep. I swear, if it weren't for me, that boy would never get up. I shoved the bag behind my shoe rack, and shut the door.

I padded over to the bed, and sat down. Billy shifted a little when the bed moved, and opened his eyes. He ran his hand over his stomach, and looked at me.

"Mornin' princess," He drawled, his voice deep, and raspy with sleep.

"Good morning, sleepy head." I said, running a finger through his hair. He grabbed my wrist, and kissed the inside of it, before releasing me.

"Come lay down," He said, scooting over a little on the bed.

"If I lay down, you're never going to get up." I told him, standing up as he pouted.

"Pretty please, my pretty princess?" He said, grabbing a hand and pulling me towards his chest. I giggled, and let myself fall on him. I didn't let my full weight on him, though. I weighed more now, and he was still hurt.

"Billy," I laughed, because he kept tugging me over him until I was completely on top of him.

"That's more like it." He said, reaching down to grab my butt. He pulled me farther up on him until most of my weight was centered over his cock. I knew exactly what he was doing.

"You're so gorgeous," He said, kissing my neck, and face. "God, how did I get this lucky?"

"Because I couldn't resist you, and your beautiful dumb face." I told him, kissing him back.

"That is true," He said, letting me hide my face in his neck, "I am kind of irresistible."

I snorted, and he ran his hands up under my t-shirt. I liked this. I liked us.

"Hopper is coming at 3 to help you move." I told him, and I felt him tense. I knew he didn't want to go home under any circumstances, and he wanted me there even less.

"The sooner, the better I guess." He said, still rubbing my back. "How do you feel about going over there?" He asked me, and I was silent for a minute.

"Honestly?" I said, exhaling. "I'm scared. I feel sick with nerves again, and can't stop imagining all the bad scenarios. I won't be able to look around without thinking of all the times he hurt you, and I couldn't stop it. I won't be able to look at my boyfriend's father, and feel accepted, or safe. It sucks. I hate it." I said, and Billy hummed in agreement.

"But I know, after all of this, you're going to be safe with me. We're going to build a life together. He's never going to hurt you again." Billy just continued to rub my back. He does this sometimes when I

tell him my anxiety is acting up. When his anxiety gets bad, he likes to lay his head on my lap, and have me play with his hair. His mom used to do it when he was sad or scared or sick.

"We have a few hours," I told him, "What do you want to do?"

"Well I was going to make us breakfast, but not if your stomachs acting up." He said, continuing to rub my back. I don't think he'd stop until I pulled myself away, and I really didn't want to. I felt safe, right here, right now.

"You still need to eat," I told him, bringing myself to sit up. He lightly placed his hands on my hips, and rubbed my thighs.

"I know," He said, sitting up to come face to face with me. "You want to make me something while I get dressed?" He asked, and I suddenly became aware that he had nothing on under the sheets.

"Yeah, sure." I told him, giving him a kiss as I got off him. I walked down the hall, and into the kitchen. I had Eggos, and cereal for breakfast, but it was lunch time which opened my options a little bit. I made Billy a huge turkey and cheese sandwich, with mayo and mustard (god forbid I forgot one or the other), and added lettuce, and tomato because he needed vegetables. I gave him chips, and dip on the side as well, because the boy could eat.

Billy came out sporting a pair of jeans, and one of his nice shirts. He sat on the couch, and I set up the fold out table, so he could eat, and put his food in front of him.

"You look nice," I told him, going back to grab us both some water. Billy grunted.

"Figured I should look like he didn't almost kill me last night." He said, taking a bite of the sandwich as I put his water down, "He gets off on that shit. He doesn't deserve the satisfaction."

"Well I think you look hot," I told him, curling up on the couch next to him, "And that's all that matters, right?" He smiled, and looked down at me.

"Of course, baby boy." He said, taking another bite. I grabbed the

remote and turned on the TV. We had a couple hours to relax, and I needed to give my stomach time to settle.

I flicked through a few channels before I settled on “Raiders of the Lost Ark”. I had seen it in the movies with Tommy when it first came out, and I still loved it to this day. Billy watched for a little while, and kept looking down at me.

“You like this guy, or something?” He said, jutting his chin out to Harrison Ford.

“He’s Indiana Jones!” I said, throwing a hand out towards the TV, “Who doesn’t love him? He’s Han Solo too—quite a man.” I said, folding my arms again. Billy considered him, and huffed.

“I’m better looking.” He said, eating some of his chips.

“Are you jealous?” I teased, scooting up to put my head in his lap.

“Of that clown?” He said, giving an unconvincing laugh, “No way.”

“Okay, babe.” I said, like I didn’t believe him (because I didn’t).

“You would cream your pants if I dressed up like him.” Billy said, finishing off his chips. “I’d go all out. I’d get the hat, the whip and everything.” He said, and I considered it. I’d be down for a little role play.

“Oh, sweetheart. The things we could do with a whip.” He said, sitting me up so he could stretch his legs out, and I could move closer to him.

“Keep dreaming, Hargrove.” I told him, and he chuckled.

“You’ll come around.” He told me. I sat up to drink some of my water. The pain in my stomach wasn’t subsiding at all.

“You okay?” He asked, running a hand down my back.

“It’s just my stomach,” I told him, “Sometimes I wish I’d just puke so I’d feel better.”

"You want me to go buy something?" He asked, holding a hand against my stomach and my back. I thought about saying no, but I honestly felt so sick.

"Do you mind?" I asked, looking at him. He leaned in and kissed my cheek.

"Of course not." He said, getting up. He got up and cleaned his dishes, then folded the table up. Billy helped me settle into the couch, and brought me a blanket from the bed. He felt my forehead, and ran his hand over my hair.

"I'll be right back, baby." He said, grabbing my keys. I heard the rumble of my car as he left the parking spot. I watched as Indiana Jones ran from a giant boulder, and even though I knew he'd be fine, I was still rooting for him. I pulled the blanket up under my chin, and checked the time. It was almost one. I still had two hours to calm down. I felt bad, because Billy was the one who should be nervous and scared—but here I was having a nervous breakdown while he took care of me.

Billy was gone for maybe ten minutes, before I heard the car park again. He let himself in, and locked the door. I made room for him, and he slid in behind me.

"I got you AntiVert, but it said you might get a little drowsy. I also got Tums, and Gingerale." He said, opening the pill bottles and the soda, and handing me two of the AntiVert, and watched me swallow. Once those were down, he gave me two tums, and I chewed them. At least they just tasted like mint. I washed them down as soon as possible anyway.

"Thank you," I told him, and he took the soda from me. I hoped the medicine worked soon, because I wanted to be present while we moved Billy out. I wanted to enjoy the look on Neil's face when Hopper threatened him.

"Why don't you take a nap, sweetheart?" Billy said, playing with my hair, "I'll wake you up when Hopper gets here."

"Okay," I agreed easily, and settled into him. I fell asleep to Billy

softly humming something. A lullaby maybe? I'm not sure. I'd ask him sometime.

12. Moving Day

Neil wasn't expecting to see Hopper when someone pounded on his front door. At first, he put on this innocent, homeowner act, like he had no idea why we were there.

"Hi officer! How can I help you?" He said, before peering out behind Hopper and seeing Billy. You could see his facial expression change in a second. "He causing you any trouble?" Neil sneered at Billy, and opened the door wider. I could feel Billy tense next to me, and I reached out to grip his hand. I saw Neil's eyes zero in on the motion... and he smiled. It wasn't a nice smile though, it was deadly.

"Get in here, boy." He said, "I'll take care of him, I'm sorry for the trouble." Neil said, smiling at Hopper.

"Actually, that's where you're wrong. I'm here to help William Hargrove move out of this house, and inform you that he is no longer under your care. The paperwork went through this morning." All of this was Bullshit, of course, but Hopper was just lying until he did have the proper paperwork.

Neil hesitated, and looked around Hopper at Billy.

"What did you do, Billy?" Neil asked in a threatening voice. I felt Billy freeze up, and almost drop my hand, but I gripped him hard. That seemed to shake him out of his fathers control.

"I did what I needed to do." Billy said, voice barely above a whisper.

"He did what he should have done a long time ago, in my opinion." Hopper said, slamming a warrant into Neil's chest and pushing through the doorway. He crowded Neil into the living room, and made him sit down. Susan came out of her room, and was ushered on the couch as well. Hopper began to hit them with all the legal stuff, and saying how Max will be taken away if a single bruise appears on her body. Neil was shaking with anger, and yelling at both Hopper and Billy from his seat on the couch.

"Come on," Billy said, pulling me to his room. When he pulled me

through the door, I took a look around, and felt my stomach drop. There really wasn't much in there. He didn't even have a dresser; his clothes were just neatly folded on the floor. Max had taken the liberty to box some things up after I radioed her late last night. She sounded relieved that Billy was getting out, but made me promise to take care of him. We put a lot of his things in garbage bags, because we had no more boxes. In the end, Billy only wanted to take his clothes, books and records. He also had all his weights that he wanted to take with him. We had to load all of that in Hopper's truck. I didn't have enough room for it. He also had a polaroid camera, and he carried that out to the car separately. I carried out his clothes, and Max helped with his books. Billy insisted on carrying out his records, so we wouldn't break them.

Billy moved his bed out from the wall a little, and removed one of the floorboards. I watched as he pulled out wads of cash, and put it in a box.

"I've been saving for years," He explained, "I wanted to have enough to get far away from him. This is my life's savings, I guess." He said. I told myself we would count it later, and should probably buy a safe. Or get him a bank account. Either one works. When everything was gone, Billy stood and observed his nearly empty room. I could see him starting to reminisce, and cry so I walked over, and took the box of money from him and put it on the bed.

"Together we probably have enough to move away after graduation." I told him, pulling him into a hug. He pushed his face in my neck, and muffled his short sobs. I wanted to avoid a panic attack. I didn't want his father seeing him like that. I would help Billy keep it together until we got home, and let him cry as long as he wanted under the safety of our roof.

"I know how hard this is for you, but I'm so proud of you Billy." I told him, running my fingers lightly through his hair, the way he likes when he's upset. "He's never going to hurt you again." Billy was nodding against my neck, but we stood there like that for a while.

"I thought I would die here," He croaked, and my heart dropped. I held him tighter, and kissed his shoulder.

"You're never going to have to feel that way again," I told him, as his cries began to subside. He tried to move away, but I pulled his forehead back to mine, "You're going to walk out of this house, back straight and proud, you hear me? You survived. You're a fighter. He's never going to touch you again."

Billy looked me in the eyes, and nodded. He stood for a moment to collect himself before taking my hand. I grabbed the box of money off the bed, and followed him out of his room for the first, and last time. We walked into the living room, where Neil looked pissed, and Susan was crying. Max stood in the doorway looking disgusted with her sad excuse for parents.

"Oh, look. Billy and his new fag are back." Neil said, getting off the couch. "Does this mean I can walk around my own house now? Hmm?" He said, bypassing Hopper when he threw an arm out to grab him, and walking straight for Billy. He expected Billy to back down, like he used to, but they ended up chest to chest and Billy dropped my hand.

"You think this one will last? Huh?" He said, sneering. Billy kept a straight face, and pushed Neil back. "What about your last fag? You want him to end up like him?" Neil taunted. I could see Billy go rigid. I grabbed his wrist, scared of what he might do. Billy shook me off, and pushed me behind him a little.

"If you come anywhere near Steve," Billy's voice was a scary quiet as he leaned in, "I'll fucking kill you."

Neil looked taken aback by Billy's forwardness. Neil went to throw a punch, but Billy saw it coming. He threw up an arm to block it, and nailed Neil so hard in the crotch that he fell to his knees in front of Billy.

"You don't ever fucking touch me again," He growled, and kicked him forward. Susan jumped up off the couch, and looked at Hopper to do something. Hopper just turned around, and pretended to be very interested with the wooden frame of the front window.

"You don't ever fucking touch Max, or Susan," He said, putting his boot on Neil's chest and pressed down enough to make Neil panic.

“And if I find out you do,” Billy said, pressing down hard enough to make Neil wheeze, “I think you know what’s gonna happen. I learned from the best. I’ll break things.”

Billy lifted his foot off Neil, and looked around at the faces of the people in the room. Susan looked scared, Hopper looked impressed. Max looked like she wished she could have been the one pressing him to the floor. When he looked at me, I leaned in and kissed him.

“Fuckin fag—” Neil muttered, and Billy looked down at him. His first instinct was to kick him across the face, and wipe that sadistic smile off. Instead Billy just smirked. He turned back, and picked me up. I was startled, because I wasn’t expecting it, but I laughed and latched my legs behind his back, and clasped my hands around his neck. He leaned in for another kiss, and made this one count. When he pulled away, I was breathless.

“Let’s go home, yeah?” He said, walking towards the door. Max looked over the moon, and held the door open for us. She followed us out to the car, where Billy put me down in a huff.

“It was a lot easier to carry you before,” He said chuckling.

“Is that a fat joke?” I said, eyeing him suspiciously, “Because you’re the one who made me gain all this weight back. I was perfectly happy just being a little too skinn—” Billy cut me off by pushing me against the car.

“Babe,” He said, grabbing my ass, “I love your curves.”

“You guys are gross.” Max said laughing. I blushed, and pushed Billy away.

Billy stood behind me, and we watched the house for Hopper to come out. When he did, he looked pissed.

“Hey, Max. I got a question.” He said, coming over and kneeling in front of her. “I know you said Neil has never hurt you, but I can have you stay with me for a few days until we have them evaluated by CPS. El would love for you to stay.”

“CPS?” She asked, not looking confused per say, but wanting

answers.

“Child protective services. They’re basically going to set you up with me until they can evaluate your parents, and your safety. If they deem it okay to go back, someone’s going to visit you once a week until you turn 18, or something bad happens. I’ve put it on file that if anything happens, you’ll come to live with me. There’s nothing to be afraid of. You can just think of this as a prolonged sleep over.”

Max looked up at the house, and back at Billy. Billy nodded, encouraging her to go with Hopper. Max thought about spending time with El, and liked the idea. El always knew what she was thinking, and Max could be open and honest around her. Max nodded, “I’ll do it.” She said, and smiled. Billy ruffled her hair, and I laughed when she swatted at his hand.

“Let’s go pack a bag then. Mostly just necessities, and a few pairs of clothes. I’ll take you shopping for anything else you’ll need.” Max nodded, and followed Hopper up the stairs where he gave Susan, and Neil the paperwork he had for Max. He’d had that written up for a while now, after everything El told him about Neil Hargrove. He just needed a reason to serve the notice.

Billy turned me around, and kissed me.

“I love you.” He said, grinning, “I love you so much.”

“I love you more.” I told him, smiling back. It was impossible not to smile at Billy. His eyes were alive, and shining. The happiness he felt flooded across his face. I leaned in to kiss him.

“I doubt that,” He said back. This was quickly becoming our thing.

“I have a surprise for you when we get home,” I whispered in his ear. Billy smirked, and pulled my hips in against his.

“Oh? And what is this surprise?” He said, pushing me against the car, and kissing my neck.

“You’ll just have to wait and see,” I said, laughing when Billy groaned. “I think you’re gonna like it though.” I told him, and Billy pushed his forehead against mine.

“I bet I am,” He whispered in a deep voice, and I shivered. I was still nervous, but I was betting on Billy liking the surprise. So I calmed myself, and got in the passenger side door that Billy opened. Once Max came back out, and was with Hopper, Billy peeled out of the driveway. He looked over at me and smiled, grabbing my hand to interlock our fingers. This was just the start of everything.

Notes for the Chapter:

This story is nearly over, but I run a Harringrove blog where you can send me prompts and stuff if you want more. I'm Harringroveburns on Tumblr if you want to interact with me there. I hope you liked it!

13. Welcome Home

When we got home, Billy decided he wanted to keep his things in our cars until we could figure out spacing issues. Like where to put his weight sets, and records. This was a small trailer, after all. I nodded, and told Billy I needed to shower. Billy smirked.

“That shower have anything to do with my surprise?” He asked, leaning in for a kiss. I dodged him, and he pouted.

“Well you’re not showering with me, if that’s what you’re asking.” I said, laughing at the fake hurt expression on his face. “I won’t be long, just... pick out a movie? Or go rent one? Whatever you want to watch.”

“Even Halloween?” He said, eyeing me suspiciously. I had been adamant against watching it since we watched Friday the 13th.

“Even Halloween,” I said, rolling my eyes. Billy’s face lit up, and grabbed his keys from the ashtray.

“You want me to pick up dinner or something?” He said, pausing in the door way. I thought about it, because I really wasn’t in the mood to cook. I know that was part of the plan, but this plan would work either way.

“Sure, I guess. A pizza?” I asked, not knowing what he had in mind.

“Just plain cheese for my picky baby,” Billy said, laughing when I scowled.

“I’m sorry, but who the fuck puts pineapples on pizzas? I don’t care if you’re from Cali or not, that’s a monstrosity.” Billy laughed, and waved as he left. I locked the door, and made my way to the shower. Nancy had given me razors to start shaving last week, because she said the probability of me getting all my hair off in one go was impossible. She also gave me something called Nair for harder to reach spots, and it worked well, but I gagged every time I opened the bottle. It smelled wretched. I filled the tub, and got in. I began to shave for the last time, hopefully making my legs smooth.

Once my legs were done, I emptied the tub a little. I used the Nair to do the backs of my thighs, and my butt. I could reach them with a razor, but I was scared of slicing my skin. Nair was an easy substitute. I kept my feet planted against the tub's wall, and waited for the chemicals to kick in before I scrubbed the Nair off with the harsh side of a sponge. Nancy had given me Nair for the "Bikini Region", and I tried not to think about that as I applied thin amounts closer to where my hole was. There's no way to sugar coat that. I wanted everything to be smooth. When I put it around my hole, it burned a lot more than using it on my legs. I feel so bad for women, because this is a lot of painful work just to get rid of body hair.

I left it on as long as I could stand before rubbing it off, and running my fingers over the smooth expanse that was left in its wake. It felt different, not a bad different. Just a little weird.

Once I was sure I was hairless, I used a scented shampoo to try and cover the smell of that Nair, because goddamn. It's bad.

I had to be smelling like a straight up bouquet of roses by the time I got out of the tub, and padded into my—our—bedroom. I pulled the garbage bag out, and decided to put the make up on first. Rookie mistake.

I ran mascara over my eyelashes, and tried not to blink too hard or poke my eyes out. Once I was sure it looked somewhat okay, I moved to spray the perfume on my pulse points. It was a bit strong, but I figured it wear down a little once I put clothes on. I ran the clear lip gloss across my lips, and tried to keep it neat. Nancy said this make up was waterproof, but I doubt it was dick-sucking proof. Once my face was done, I looked at myself for a minute, and blushed. I didn't look like me at all.

I pulled out the little gift bag, and grabbed the pair of black lace panties. Pulling them over my dick was the hardest part, because I couldn't decide where to place myself. I ended up just having the panties trap my dick against my stomach. It was the most comfortable position. I reached down to pull the black stockings up, and they rested just under my knees. They hugged my calves nicely though, so I don't think they'd have a problem staying in place. I lifted the skirt up, and secured it around my waist. I watched myself

in the mirror, and turned side to side. I gave a little twirl, and liked how it fluttered out before resting back on my thighs. Finally, I went for the shirt. I had to hold the turtleneck out away from my face as I pulled it on, because I didn't want to get any make up on it. I gently adjusted it around my neck to where I wanted it, and stared at myself in the mirror.

I looked good.

The last part was to pull my hair into a high ponytail (or as high as I could get it, my hair's not as long as Nancy's). I secured it with one of Nancy's hair ties with a little bow on it. I ran my hands over my stomach, and held my sides for a minute. I was scared Billy wouldn't like it, but I knew he wouldn't make fun of me if he didn't. I was doing this for him, after all.

I sat on the bed, and was determined to wait for Billy to get home so I could make a grand entrance. I just wasn't expecting him to be back so soon.

"Hey, babe. The Pizza wasn't ready so they're gonna deliver it." He said, and I heard him putting some bags down. I bit my lip, and took one last look at myself in the mirror. I stood, with my heart feeling like it was going to beat out of my chest, and my cheeks already a burning red. I could hear my heartbeat thundering in my ears. I took the first few steps down the hall, feeling like I just wanted to run back. Billy had his back turned to me, putting things in the fridge. I found myself in the light of the kitchen standing behind him. I had my hands clasped harshly around my elbows, and cleared my throat.

"Hey, I bought you some—" He said as he turned. When he caught a glimpse of me, he dropped the bottle of... ginger ale? He's so sweet. The bottle rolled to my feet. I was surprised it didn't burst open and spray everywhere. Billy just stared at me with wide eyes, and his mouth hanging open for a minute too long. I became embarrassed, and tried to walk away before he grabbed me by my bicep, and pulled me back in front of him.

He said nothing, just raked his eyes up and down my outfit. He looked at my hair, and my lips. He reached down to touch the fabric of the skirt, and groaned. I felt his hand move around to cup my ass

under the skirt, pulling me flush against his body. I think it's the panties that broke him. His hand brushed from smooth, silky skin to the lace of the panties, and his eyes widened.

"Are you...?" He whispered, his breathing becoming harsh. I was burning up, and nodded against his chest.

"F-fuck." He breathed. He reached his other hand under the skirt, and just rested his hands on the panties. I could feel his thumbs tracing over the lace, and he just kept me there.

"You did all of this for me?" He asked, his chest puffing out a little.

"Yes," I squeaked. I tried to sound more confident, but I was so out of my element right now, I didn't know how.

"Did you... shave down there?" He asked, and I shook my head yes. I felt Billy tighten his grip on my ass, and tried to kill a groan in his throat.

"Fuck. Shit, Steve. I need to see." The burn in my cheeks got worse as he turned me around to face the counter. He pressed his full body up against me, and held me there for a minute. I bit my lip, because I could feel he was already half hard. I gripped the edges of the counter when he knelt behind me.

He lifted the edges of the skirt, and tucked them under my fingers. He groaned again when he saw the lace, and I could hear the rough scratch of skin on jeans as he palmed himself. He slowly pulled the panties over the swell of my ass, and let them rest on my thighs. I was gripping the counter hard, trying not to reach down and stroke myself, because Billy hated when I did that without asking.

Billy used both hands to part my cheeks, and I whimpered at the sudden cold. I couldn't hold the embarrassment in any longer. I was vulnerable, and turned on. I squeezed my eyes shut, and bit my lip harder. I just wanted Billy to do something—say something. Anything.

"God, Baby. You look so good for daddy." He said. What I wasn't expecting was for him to lick me... down there. I let out a sharp gasp, unaware of what he was doing. It was quick, and the sensation

ghosted away, but I knew it had to have been his tongue. It was so wet. He leaned back in, and licked a long, flat stripe directly over my hole.

“Wha—fuck, ah... Billy?” I whimpered, bucking against the counter. “B-Billy... what’re you... doing?” I asked, between gasps, struggling to keep on my feet as he kept licking across my hole. The sweater made me feel uncomfortably hot, and my face felt like it was literally on fire. I lost control when he pushed his tongue in my hole rather than just running his tongue over it. It was so thick, and wet, and so foreign that I let out a string of moans so loud my voice cracked into a high, whiny tone.

“I’m eating you out, baby girl.” He answered once he pulled away, and I found myself pushing back. He gripped my cheeks, and chuckled before shoving his tongue back inside of me. My chest fell to the counter, and I couldn’t keep quiet for the life of me.

“Can I? Please, daddy can I touch myself?” I begged, needing more. Billy groaned, and I felt a hand leave my ass, and reach over to start stroking me slowly. I whined, begging him to move faster. Billy complied, and I felt tears dripping down the side of my face. I really hope this mascara was waterproof like Nancy said.

I was so close to coming. So close. I was right on the edge when the doorbell rang. Billy paused his movements, and was still for a few seconds. Then without skipping a beat, I felt him pull the panties back up over my ass, and secure my leaking dick with the front of the panties, and the band of the skirt. He kissed my neck while he redressed me, and pulled me away from the counter. I turned around, and wiped the wetness away from under my eyes, and was relieved to see no mascara.

“You ready to eat, baby?” He asked, his voice low and gravelly. I shivered, and whined because the panties slid across my hard dick every time I moved, and my ass was still wet from his tongue. Since there was no hair, it was just a wet slide of skin every time I shifted. I bit the inside of my cheek, and nodded. I knew not complaining would get me a better outcome than begging him to tell the man to go away.

Billy walked to the door, his hand on visible through his jeans, but he didn't care. The pizza man looked down and smirked to himself, thinking Billy had a hot girl in there. And boy was he right.

Billy took the pizza, gave the guy a five-dollar bill, and slammed the door. I was still clutching the counter for support. I didn't want to move because all the sensations were so good, and too much all at the same time.

"C'mere, baby girl." Billy beckoned, and I bit my lip. I walked over to him, feeling like I was going to explode. Billy opened one of the folding tables, and set the pizza on it.

"You want to watch a movie?" He asked, and I whined. I needed to cum. I needed it so bad, and he knew. That's why his eyes were blazing, and he was smiling at me.

"Billy, ple-please." I whined as he pushed me down onto the couch. My knees fell together, and I pressed the heel of my hand on my leaking dick.

"What is it baby?" He asked, smirking as he pushed my knees apart, kneeling between my legs. "Are you wet for daddy? Is that it?"

I pressed my hand harder against my dick, and nodded. The burn in my cheeks was constant, and just grew worse the more he talked.

"Your pretty pussy is all wet for me, huh? You think you could come from just daddy's fingers?" He asked, pushing my knees farther apart, and playing with the hem of my skirt. I was whining and nodding, but Billy kept talking, "But we don't want to mess up your skirt, baby. You look so pretty for me, princess."

Billy leaned up, and was so close to my face I could feel his breath ghosting over my cheeks. "You want to be a good girl for daddy, right?" I whimpered, and nodded. I wanted more than anything to be his good girl in that moment.

"Good girls go on their dates first, then get fucked, princess." He whispered in my ear. I let out a mixture between a whimper, and a whine when he ran a hand under skirt and over my dick. I nodded,

caving because I couldn't find the will to disobey him.

"That's a good girl," Billy purred. He got up to put the movie in, and I remembered it was probably Halloween. I gulped, and hugged my knees to my chest. Billy turned, and looked at me. I knew he could see the panties because he ran a hand over his clothed dick, and made his way to the bedroom for what I assumed were blankets.

He came back, with blankets, and dropped down next to me. I involuntarily slid closer because his weight dipped the couch. Billy pulled me on his lap, facing the TV, and grabbed a slice of pizza. I thought he was going to feed it to me, but he ate it instead. Billy had one arm firmly anchored around my waist, so I couldn't lean forward and get myself a slice. Billy ate another, and I wondered what he was playing at. I guess I just had to take what he gives me. Finally, on the third slice, he let me have a bite. I leaned back against his chest, and he gave me another bite. I chewed slowly, not wanting to get a stomach ache.

He slowly fed me the entire piece, and I licked his fingers. The next two slices were for him, though. He just kept me against him, and covered me when he felt me shiver. Billy could be a tease, but at least he was a gentleman.

Watching Halloween while entirely turned on was a weird experience. Billy was slowly grinding into me throughout the entire movie, and it was hard to concentrate when I could feel how hard he was. Every time there was a jump scare, Billy bucked into me and I was so flustered by the end of the movie, I was almost babbling. Billy ran his hands over my stomach, and down my thighs. I bit my lip as his hands ran back up to play with my nipples over the fabric of the sweater.

"Billy?" I tried to question without sounding completely wrecked, and failing miserably.

"Yes, baby?" He asked. Pinching my nipples, and then rolling between his fingers over and over. I was so out of it, I just wanted him now.

"Can you... can we?" I tried desperately to form a sentence, but

couldn't. He kept up his hip movements, and let my head lull against his shoulder, and I looked him in the eye. I could tell Billy would have just fucked me then and there if it hadn't only been my second time.

"Yeah..." He groaned, having me turn around on his lap, "Yeah, baby." He lifted himself off the couch with ease, and I wrapped my legs around him. I curled my chest into him, and enjoyed being carried for those couple of seconds. He lightly put me down on the side of the bed, facing him, and pushed me so I was laying down. He stood over me for a second before slowly lifting the front of the skirt and laying it on my belly to look at me.

"You look so beautiful, Steve." He said. It was a shock to hear my real name after all the baby, and princess business, but it made it feel more real. More intimate.

"You stay here, okay? Daddy'll be right back." My cheeks were flushed, and I sat up trying to grab his hand. Why was he leaving me? I heard the front door open and close, and I know he said he'd be right back but him leaving freaked me out. I chewed on my thumb, my heart thudding quickly in my chest until I heard the door open again, and sighed in relief.

Billy walked through the door with something in his hands. It was his polaroid camera. The flush was still evident on Billy's face, as he stood between my open knees.

"Can I take a picture, Stevie?" He asked, I could tell he was embarrassed or scared because he never blushes. Not like this. "No one's ever gonna see it but me."

I chewed on my lip, not liking the idea of there being a photo like this of me out there, but I nodded anyway. It's nothing I couldn't handle, and I trusted Billy. Billy pulled the skirt up again, fixing it to fold over its self at my waist. He also pushed my sweater up a little higher. He reached down to palm me through the panties. I was already so hard, he had me whining in minutes. I grabbed his hand, arching off the bed a little and biting my lip—guiding him to where it felt good. That's when the flash went off. I whimpered when Billy removed his hand to shake the photo for a few seconds before

discarding it on the bedside table.

“Fuck, baby.” He said, leaning over me and kissing my stomach. I sucked my stomach in out of habit, but Billy squeezed my thighs.

“No,” He growled, so I slowly relaxed my muscles. He kissed a line up to my nipples, and softly licked over each. I was making a sound, like a never-ending moan. It was too much, and I just wanted to cum. Billy pulled up, and ran his fingers down my legs as he went.

“Can I...?” Billy asked, a blush spreading across his face again. I wasn’t sure what he was talking about. “Can I... jerk off? On you?” Billy asked, his voice deep and wanting. “I’ll fuck you with my fingers after.”

“I... yes?” I squeaked. Billy groaned as he undid his fly, and pulled his dick out. It was so long and heavy in his hands. I remember what it was like holding him for the first time, and I tried to squeeze my legs together to ease the pressure, but Billy reached down and spread my legs back apart, and kept them there with his knees.

“Play with yourself, baby girl.” He groaned, stroking himself somewhat quickly. I was shocked by the command, but glad to have permission. I started from the top down. I roughly rolled my nipples through my fingertips, pulling lightly, and whining at the sensations. I could hear the fast, slick sounds of Billy stroking himself, and it gave me butterflies. I had begun to grind my ass down onto the mattress without really noticing. I slowly ran my hands down to my stomach, where I stopped, and pinched myself. Billy let out an audible gasp. I looked at him through lidded eyes, and saw he was holding the base of his cock, trying not to come. Billy watched as I sucked on two of my fingers, and slowly dragged them to my hole. I could see Billy fighting the urge to start jerking himself again.

I inserted a finger, and pushed it in as far as I could get it. I barely grazed my prostate when my hips shot up, and I whimpered. My back was arching with every thrust of my finger. I added my second finger, and slowly began fucking myself on them, all for Billy.

“Daddy?” I whined, needing so badly to cum, “Daddy, please cum for your baby girl? Cum on me? Please daddy?” I begged, just knowing I

needed my release, but not having permission for it.

“F-fuck, shit baby, god. You look so good. I’m gonna...” He managed to gasp out between groans, “I’m gonna cum, baby.” I nodded hard and fast, pulling my fingers out. I leaned forward on my elbows and opened my mouth. Billy lost all composure he had at that point, his body shaking with his impending release. I felt the first stripes of it land on my face, and hair. I licked the sides of my lips, searching for it. His cum got all over my outfit, but I knew he would wash it. This wasn’t something he was going to throw away. When he was finished jerking himself, he fell onto the bed next to me. He was quiet for a long time, and I thought he fell asleep. I wasn’t sure if I should move, until I heard him groan.

“Over my lap, baby.” He said, pushing himself up, putting his back against the wall. I crawled over his lap like he was going to spank me, but he pulled the panties down.

“Can you reach the lube?” He asked, and I scrambled to the bedside for it, and handed it to him, before resuming the position. He spread my cheeks, and he rubbed the hairless skin like it was his favorite thing.

“It’s gonna be cold,” He warned as he squirted a little over my hole. I gripped at the sheets, anticipation overtaking me. My rim was still a little loose from his tongue and my fingers, so when he pushed two fingers in, he wasn’t as careful as normal. I let out a sharp moan, and pushed back against his fingers. I was so turned on, and horny that I didn’t think I’d last a minute.

Billy went straight for my prostate, and began massaging it, adding another finger. I was a whimpering mess, beginning to cry openly into the sheets with how bad I wanted to cum. Billy slowly dragged the pad of his middle finger directly over my prostate, and missed it every other time to make me cry out. I clenched so hard on his fingers, and pushed myself on him. I wanted my release, but Billy was making me work for it. The tears were falling, and I was whining for him to make me cum. He pushed his fingers in all the way, and began stroking my prostate quickly, and I felt that familiar heat coil in my belly, like I was going to explode.

"Cum for me, baby." Billy purred in my ear, and that was all it took. I clenched down around him, and Billy fucked me through the aftershocks. When I didn't stop crying, I must have scared him, because he pulled me up against his body.

"Steve?" He asked, holding me to his chest, "Did I hurt you? I—"

"No," I said, still sniffing, still clenching around nothing, "It was just... so much." I felt spineless, and fucked out. Billy let out a breath.

"God, Steve. Don't scare me like that." He said, pulling me in closer. I rest my head on his shoulder, my jaw slack. Honestly, the only thing keeping me up were his strong arms.

"Sorry, daddy." I said quietly. Billy could tell I wasn't back in the right head space if I was still calling him daddy after sex. He just held me close until I came to my senses.

"You back, baby?" He asked, when I stirred on his shoulder.

"Uh... yeah, I think." I answered, wanting nothing more than to lay down and sleep.

"We gotta get you cleaned up." I groaned. Billy laughed, and scoot toward the front of the bed. He sat me down at the edge, and went to get the washcloth. I took the liberty of undressing myself. It was slow, but I got all of it off. Billy waited for me to strip before turning me over to wipe off the lube. Once he was sure it was all gone, he handed me one of his black t-shirts. It was a bit big on me, especially around the arms, but it didn't cover my ass.

I had the idea to sneak on another pair of the panties Nancy gave me while Billy went to the bathroom, and prepared for bed. These were pretty much the same pair, but a baby blue color. I rubbed at my eyes to try and get the mascara off because, seriously? How do girls get this shit off? All I did was succeed in smudging it a little, and gave up. I'd ask Nancy for help if it was still there tomorrow.

I still had my hair up, wearing nothing but a blue pair of lace panties and Billy's t-shirt. I curled up on my side of the bed, facing the door.

Billy groaned when he came in the room.

“Fuck, princess.” He said, climbing over me, and pressing against my back. “You’re going to kill me with all of this.” I hummed and smiled.

“Yeah, but you love it.” I said, cracking an eye open to look back at him. His eyes were dragging their way up my body.

“Fuck yes, I do.” He said, pulling me towards him. I rested my head on his outstretched arm, and he draped an arm over my waist. “I wouldn’t complain if you wore panties for the rest of your life. I’ll even buy you some. You look so good in them. It makes me hot all over.” Billy reached over me to grab something off the nightstand. It was the polaroid. He silently looked at it for a while, before handing it to me.

My back was arched off the bed, in a silent moan captured forever in this photo. My hand was on top of his, on top of my cock, which was peeking out of the panties. My face was red, and I was biting my lip. I got the appeal now. Pictures like these, the ones that capture a moment forever, that must be where Jonathan's passion lies. I liked it.

“That is... quite possibly the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.” Billy muttered, looking at it over my shoulder. I smiled, shuffling a little in the bed.

“Hotter than that pinup girl on your poster?” I ask, remember seeing it, and feeling a little jealous. Billy snorted.

“Way hotter. She was like... a toaster. You’re the goddamn sun, Steve.” Billy paused, “And my dad made me put that up. He said it’d be good for me to look at.”

“Am I good for you to look at?” I said with a goofy smile, and leaning back to kiss him.

“So good, Steve. So good.” Billy said, running his fingertips over the lace on the bottom of the panties. He would have to stop, or we’d be going at it again in minutes. I turned around to face him.

I smiled, “So I take it you liked your present?”

“I loved it, baby. And I love you.” He said, resting a hand on my hip.

“I love you more,” I said yawning, and pressing my face into his chest.

“I doubt that,” He said, securing a blanket around us. I moved closer to soak in his warmth.

“Billy?” I called, before I completely fell asleep.

“Yeah, baby?” He answered, twirling a lock of my hair that fell out of the ponytail.

“Welcome home.” I said. He smiled, and pressed a soft kiss to my forehead. I fell asleep shortly after, feeling as though everything had fallen into place.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm Harringroveburns on Tumblr if you want to hit me up there! Hope you enjoyed this chapter!

14. Chapter 14

Nancy was waiting for me on her porch the next morning, as we made plans to go have breakfast and shop. I pulled up on the curb, and she came running for the door like she hadn't seen me in years. She got in, pulled the door shut, and buckled herself.

"Spill." She said, leaning over, and putting her hand on the center console. I blushed a furious red, the events of last night spilling into my head as I put the car in park.

"That good, huh?" She said, "If only I'd get the same reaction out of Jonathan by dressing like a guy. Seriously though, what happened?"

"Well... how much do you want to know?" I asked, not wanting to go into specifics in case it would gross her out.

"Everything, spill Harrington. Every detail."

"Even the... really gay shit?" I asked, gripping the shifting stick.

"Even the really gay shit," She laughed, "You need to talk to someone about this. I can be that someone if you want." She squeezed my knee, and looked at me like she was interested in talking.

"Well... when I first came out, I didn't think he liked it. He just stared at me for a while, and I started to panic and back away, but he grabbed me? Like, held me there and kept staring." I started.

"He was probably floored," Nancy laughed loudly at Billy's reaction, but prompted me to continue.

"Well... then he kissed me, and like... grabbed my ass." I said, blushing and needing to crack the window for more air. "He felt the lace and went crazy, Nance. You were right."

"I told you! Most guys love the way we look in lace. I don't know why, its not particularly appealing to me, but guys lose their shit." She said with a smile.

"Well, he started feeling my legs and stuff because my legs were

smooth and he asked if I was... um, smooth? You know... there?" I said, barely getting it out in a rushed squeak.

"Calm down Steve, it's just me. You don't need to tell me if you don't want." She said, patting my leg.

"No, no I know. I'm just... embarrassed? He kinda... I don't know the word for it? He like... he said he was eating me out. Like a girl? I didn't even know guys did that." Nancy's eyebrows shot up, "It felt so much better than I thought it would, and I was probably so loud. I don't even remember much, I was so lost. But then the fucking pizza guy came, and Billy stopped. He made me sit on his lap and watch a movie for like, two hours. I was aching Nance, like I needed it so bad, and he knew it but held out."

"Sounds like something Billy would do," She said, bringing the car mirror down so she could check her lip gloss.

"Yeah, so he made me sit through the whole movie and didn't even fuck me." I said, laughing at her reaction.

"What! What the fuck?" She said, looking somewhat angry. "You looked good as hell, why didn't he?"

"He was so worked up, he just jerked himself off over me." I told her, and she nodded slowly.

"But he got you off, right? Because its just rude to leave your partner to handle themselves." Nancy said, and I felt like she was talking about Jonathan for a minute, not Billy.

"Yeah... he uh, he fingered me?" I said, glancing at Nancy to see if I breached a line. She just looked a little confused.

"Does that feel good? Like, that did it for you?" She asked, playing with a string on her blouse.

"It does if you know what you're doing. Billy's really good at it." I said, coughing.

"Huh," She said, lost in thought for a second, "The things you learn, am I right?"

I laughed, and shifted the car into gear.

“So, waffles, then the mall?” I asked, and she nodded. I was going shopping for myself for the first time. I was a little anxious, but also excited. Billy was out applying for jobs all day, and I promised I’d be home for dinner by six tonight, so we had all day. Nancy would probably drag me home to have me try everything on in one of her fashion shows she always does. Maybe she’ll invite Jonathan, and I could invite Billy.

I just don’t know how long Billy could keep it in his pants around other people. We could test his limits though. That might be fun.

Notes for the Chapter:

Well, this fic is finished. I have a new one in the works, so you might be seeing that soon. Thanks for reading, I appreciate you all!

Author's Note:

I'm Harringroveburns on Tumblr, check me out ♥